

DELL

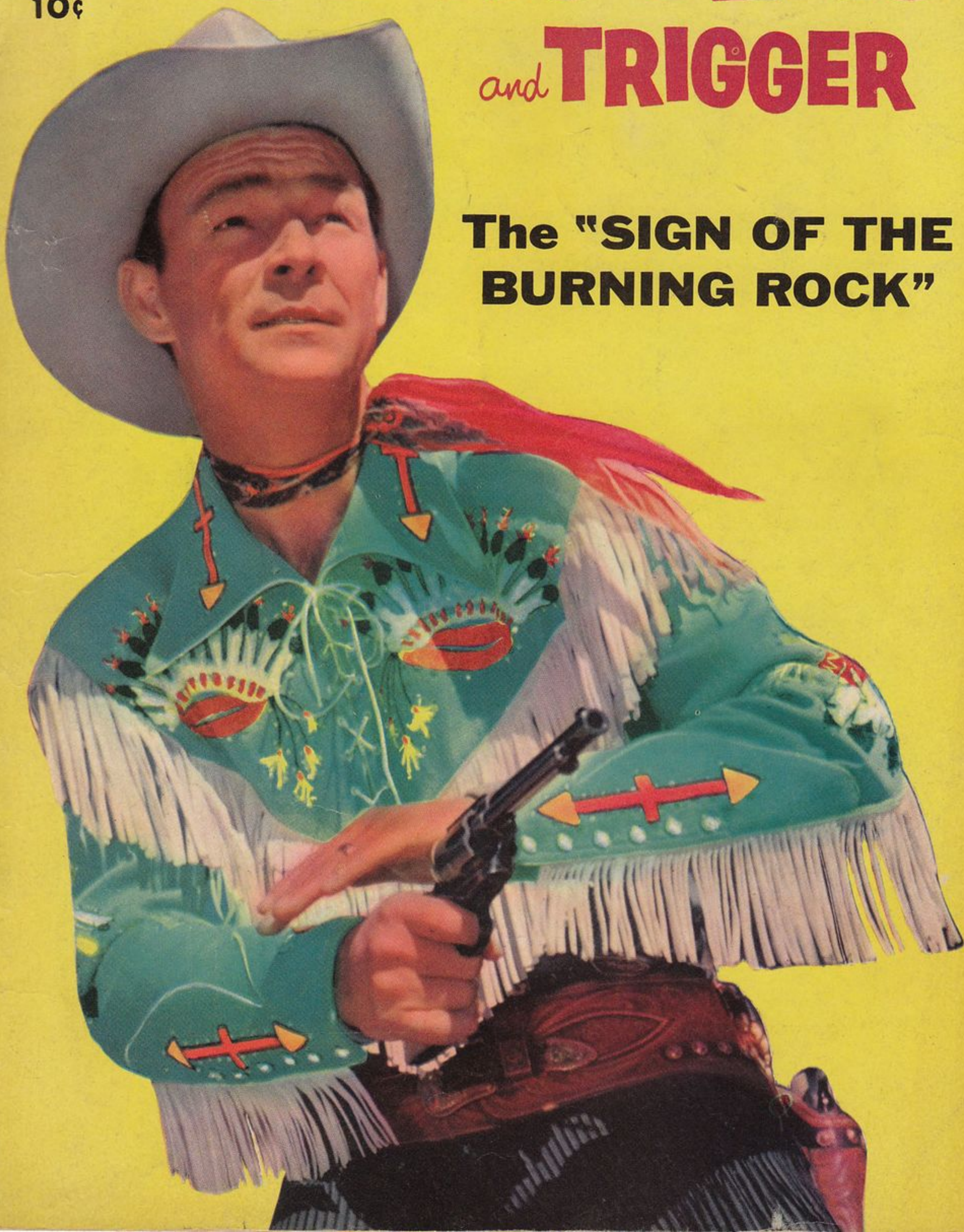
MARCH

10¢

ROY ROGERS

and **TRIGGER**

**The "SIGN OF THE
BURNING ROCK"**



DRAW ME!

You may win a \$430⁰⁰
Scholarship in Professional Art

Wouldn't you like to earn your living—or do part time work—in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning? As winner of this contest you get a complete art course—free training in commercial art—plus drawing supplies and valuable art textbooks. You're taught by professional artists. These artists form the teaching staff at the world's largest home study art school.

For over 40 years this school has been preparing talented beginners for careers in art. Many former students are now earning from \$150 a week to over \$50,000 a year. The same training and encouragement these artists received, through the mails, will be given free to you as winner of this contest. So be sure to enter!



Draw this girl's head 5 inches high. Use pencil. All drawings for March 1958 contest must be received by March 31. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today!

Use 1 coupon—then pass



this page on to a friend.



1
ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 2028
500 South 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please enter my attached drawing
in your contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____ AGE _____

City _____ Zone _____

County _____ State _____

Occupation _____

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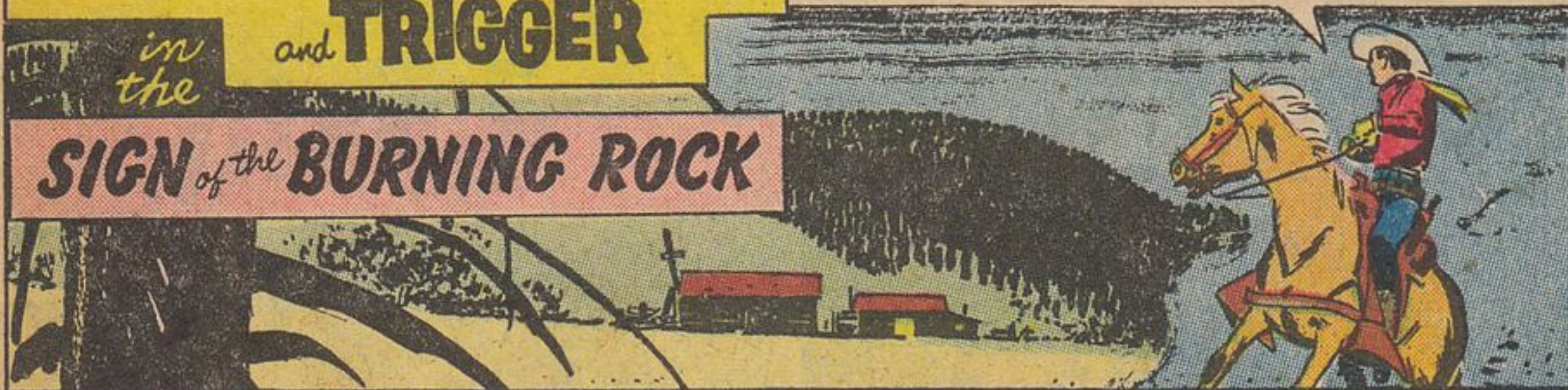
Occupation _____

ROY ROGERS and TRIGGER

in the SIGN of the BURNING ROCK

ONE NIGHT, AS ROY ROGERS RIDES TOWARD TOWN...

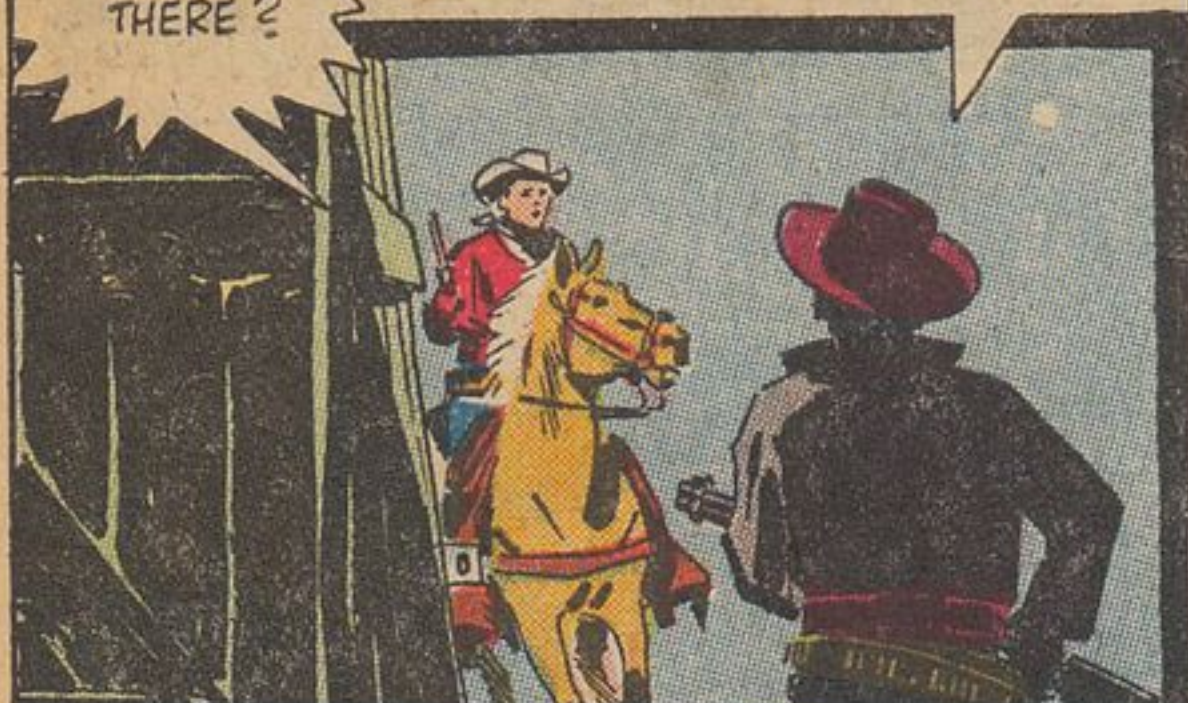
LOOK, TRIGGER! THERE'S A LIGHT IN NED BLAKE'S BARN! THE PLACE HAS BEEN EMPTY SINCE NED DIED! WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!



SUDDENLY, THE LANTERN LIGHT DISAPPEARS...

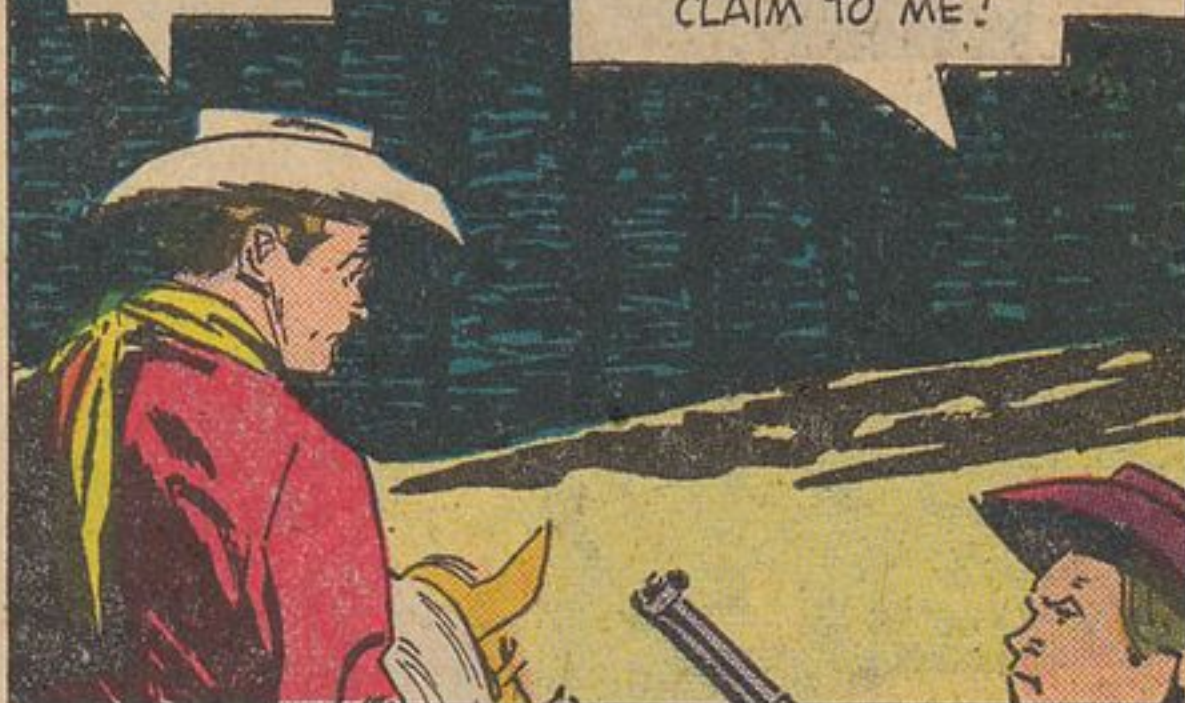
HELLO!
WHO'S
THERE?

HOLD IT, STRANGER! WHO ARE
YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?



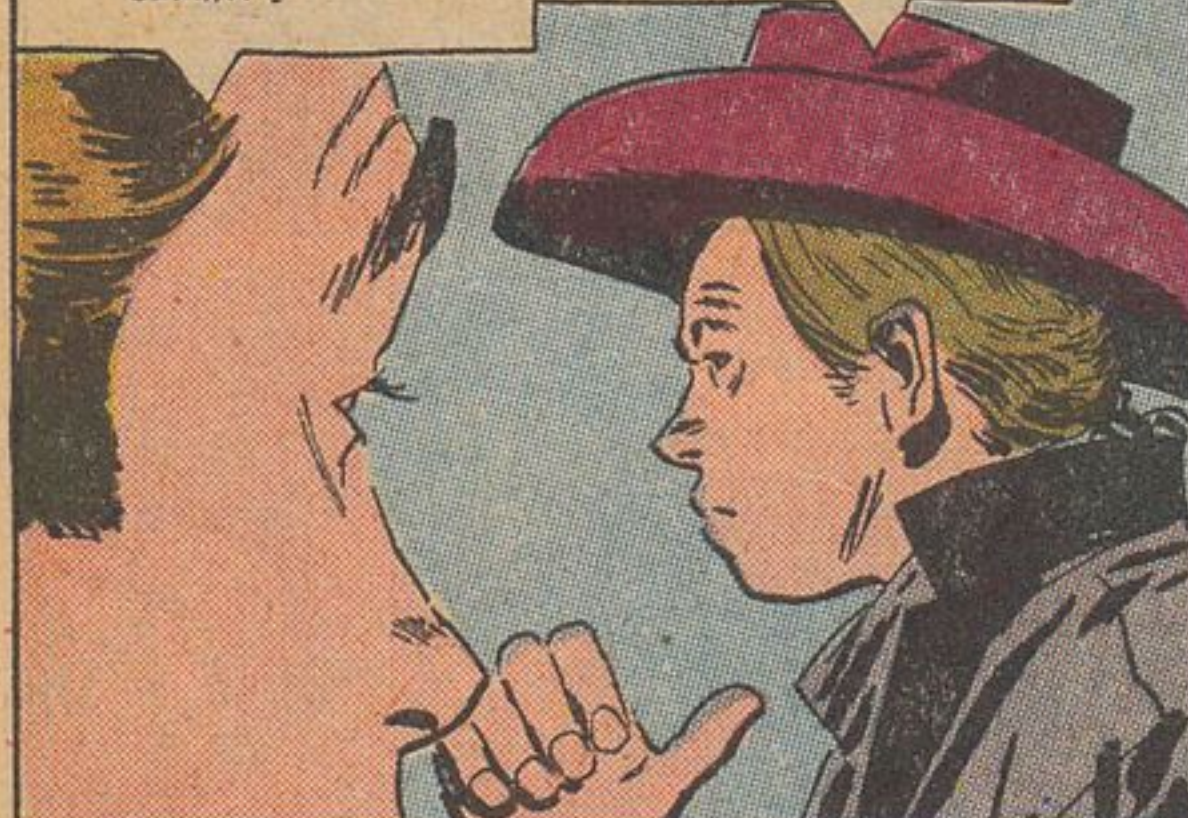
MY NAME'S ROY
ROGERS! WHO
ARE
YOU?

I'M DAN BLAKE, NED'S
BROTHER! JUST RODE
IN FROM MONTANA! NED
LEFT THIS HOMESTEAD
CLAIM TO ME!



GLAD TO KNOW YOU,
DAN! ARE YOU
PLANNING TO STAY
AND WORK THE
CLAIM?

I'LL STAY TILL I FIND
OUT WHO KILLED
NED... AND MAKE HIM
PAY FOR IT!



NOBODY KILLED NED, DAN! ALL
THE EVIDENCE PROVED HIS
DEATH WAS ACCIDENTAL!
HIS HORSE FELL OVER A
CLIFF!

MAYBE YOU
WON'T BE SO
SURE, WHEN
YOU SEE NED'S
LAST LETTER!



R.R.#123-583

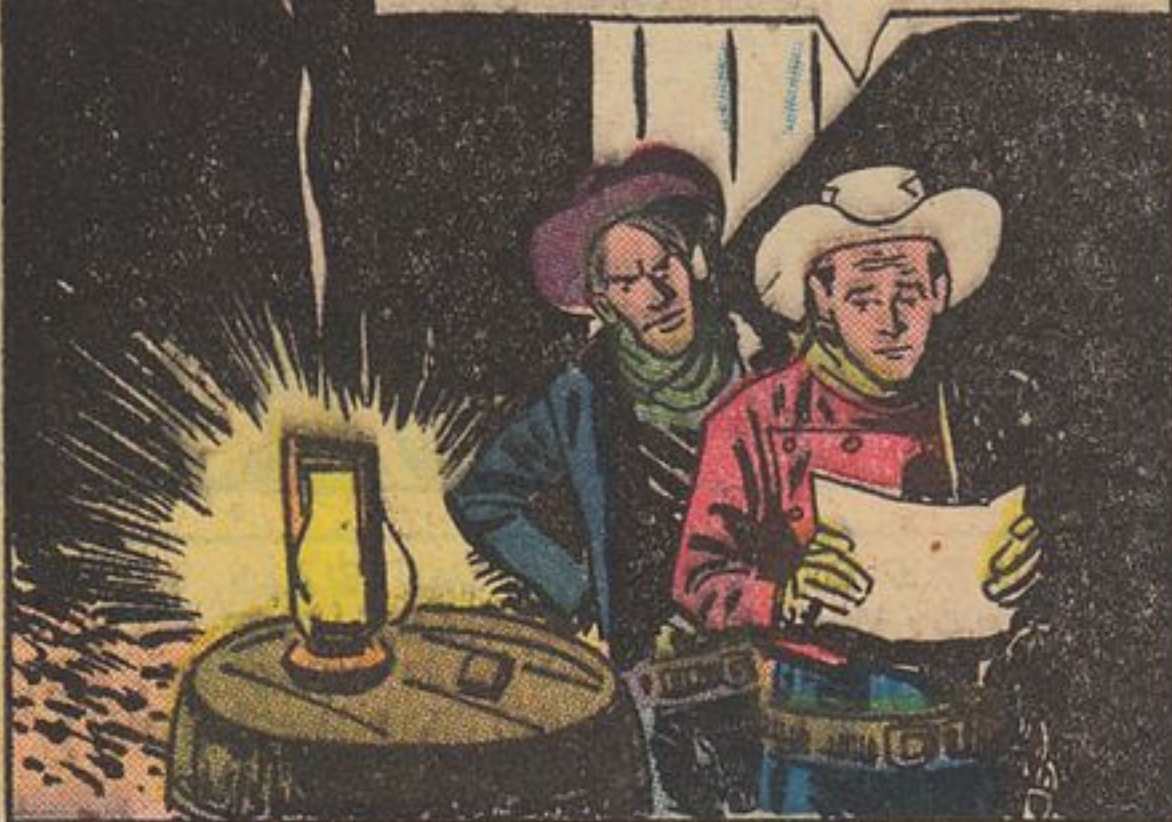
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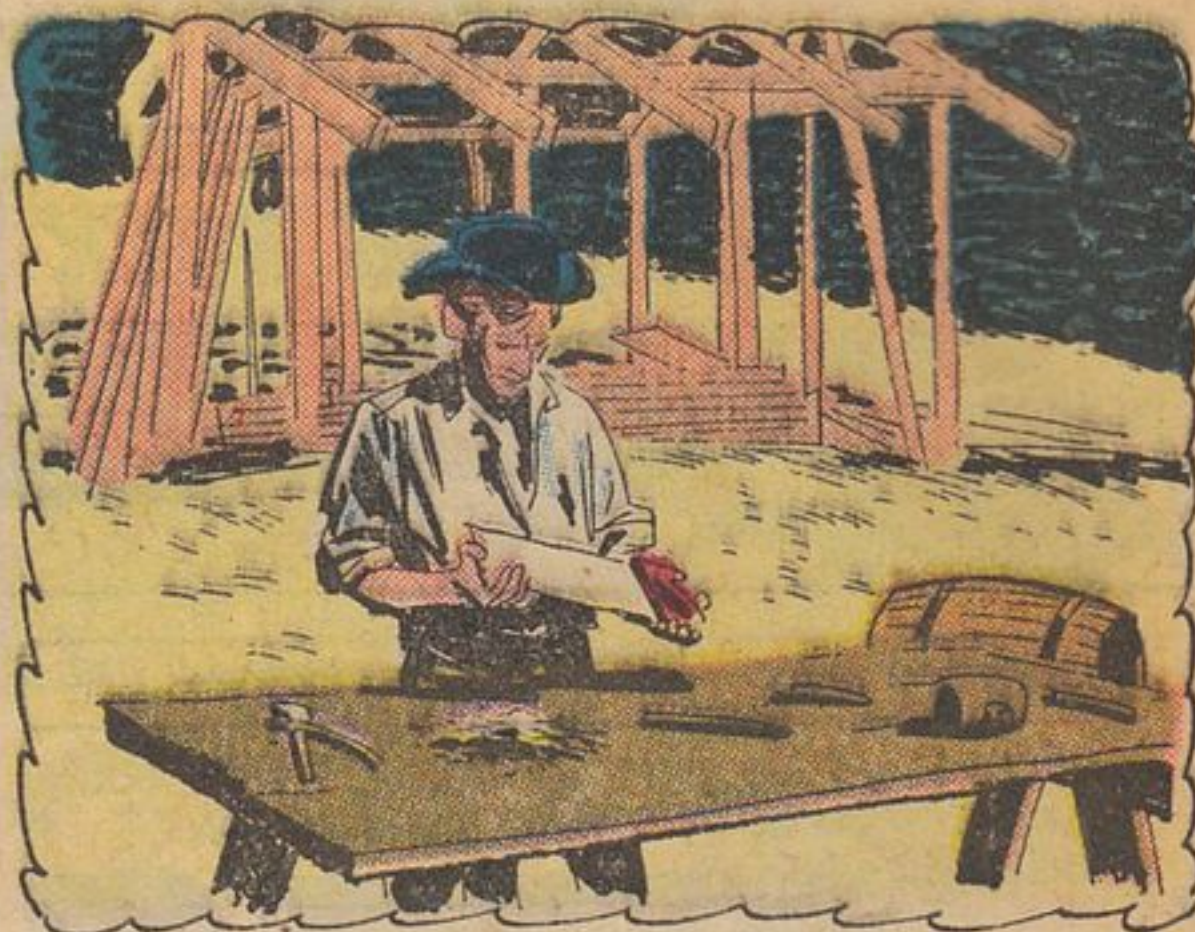
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

GO AHEAD...
READ NED'S
LETTER!

"...TWO BIG OUTFITS, HIRAM
LEE'S BURNING ROCK AND
JOHN MILLS'S J-M, DON'T
WANT HOMESTEADERS IN THIS
VALLEY. I'M THE FIRST TO
COME IN AND I AIM TO STAY..



"...I'VE BEEN HAVING PLENTY OF TROUBLE...TOOLS
BROKEN, FENCES CUT, STOCK SCATTERED. I'M
SURE LEE OR MILLS IS DOING IT, TRYING TO
RUN ME OUT BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT



"...YESTERDAY, LEE ACCUSED ME OF STEALING
HIS CATTLE. HE SAID HIS BOYS KNEW HOW TO
TAKE CARE OF RUSTLERS AND GAVE ME TWENTY-
FOUR HOURS TO GET OUT..



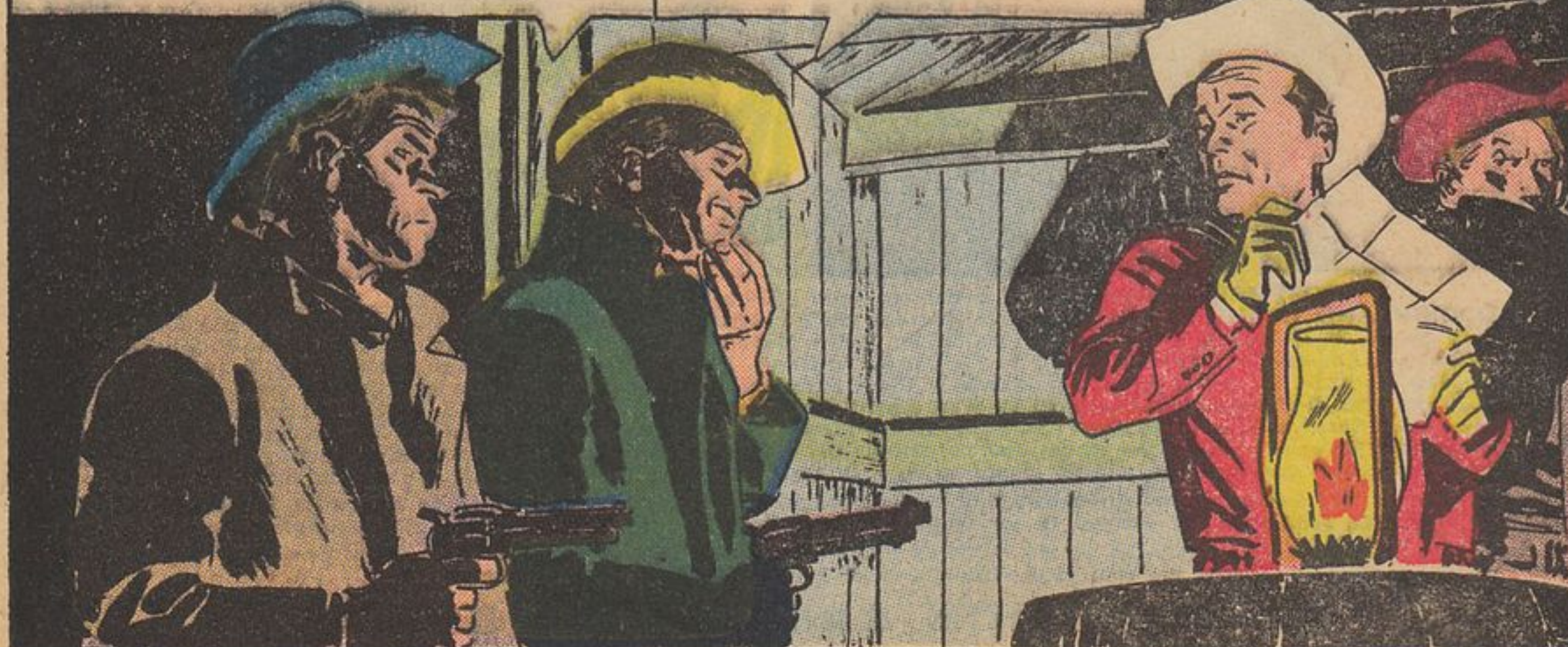
"...I TOLD HIM I HADN'T
STOLEN ANYTHING, AND I DIDN'T
SCARE EASY IF ANYTHING
HAPPENS TO ME, YOU'LL KNOW
IT'S NO ACCIDENT."

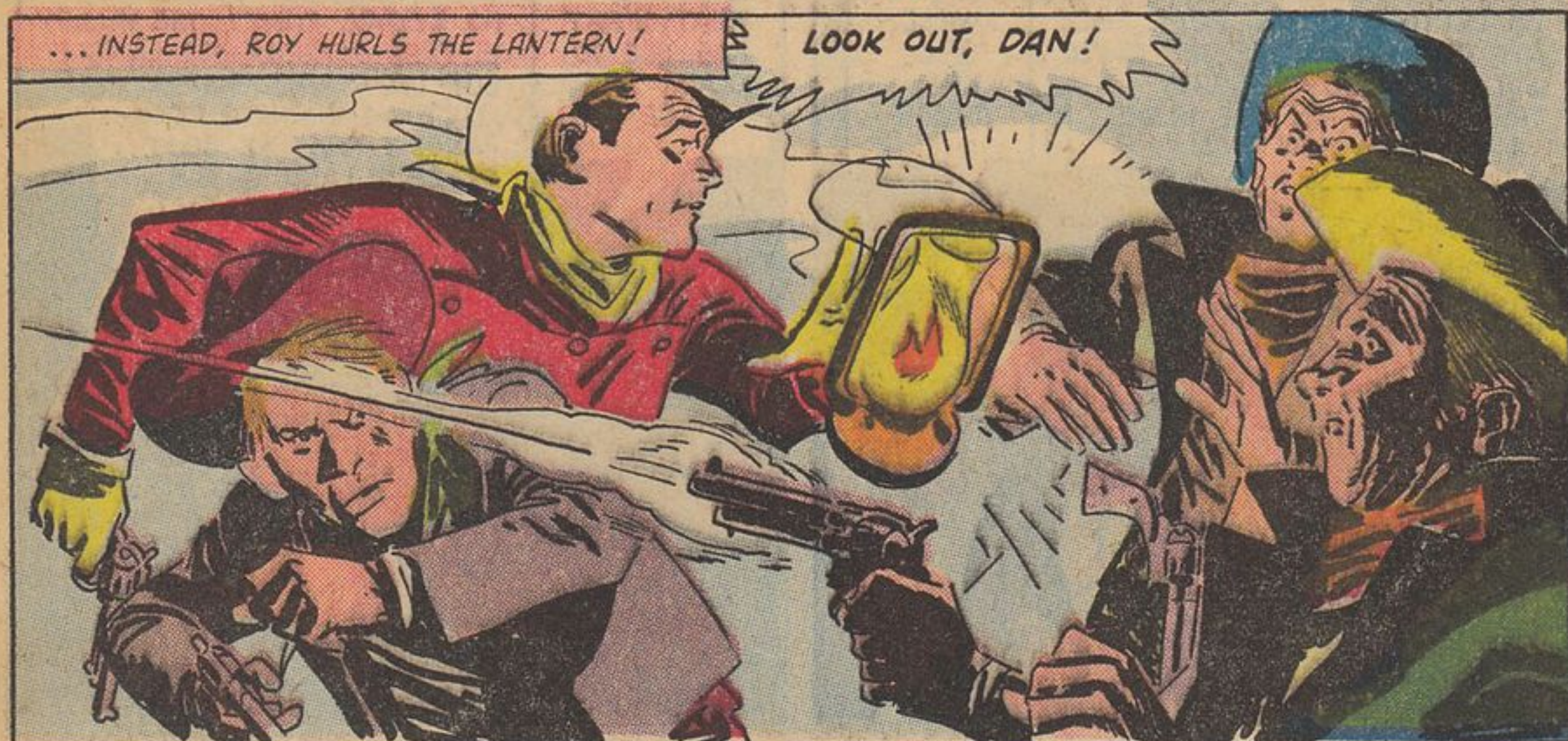
THE
"ACCIDENT"
HAPPENED
THE NEXT DAY!



HOLD IT! LIFT YOUR HANDS HIGH!
THEN TURN AROUND SLOW AND EASY!

WE DON'T WANT SADDLEBUMS ON
BURNING ROCK RANGELAND!







THE SHERIFF IS OUT OF TOWN, SO I'M TAKING HIS PLACE!

WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A **LAWMAN!**

WE WERE JUST FOLLOWIN' THE BOSS'S ORDERS TO RUN TRESPASSERS OFF THIS PLACE, SHERIFF!

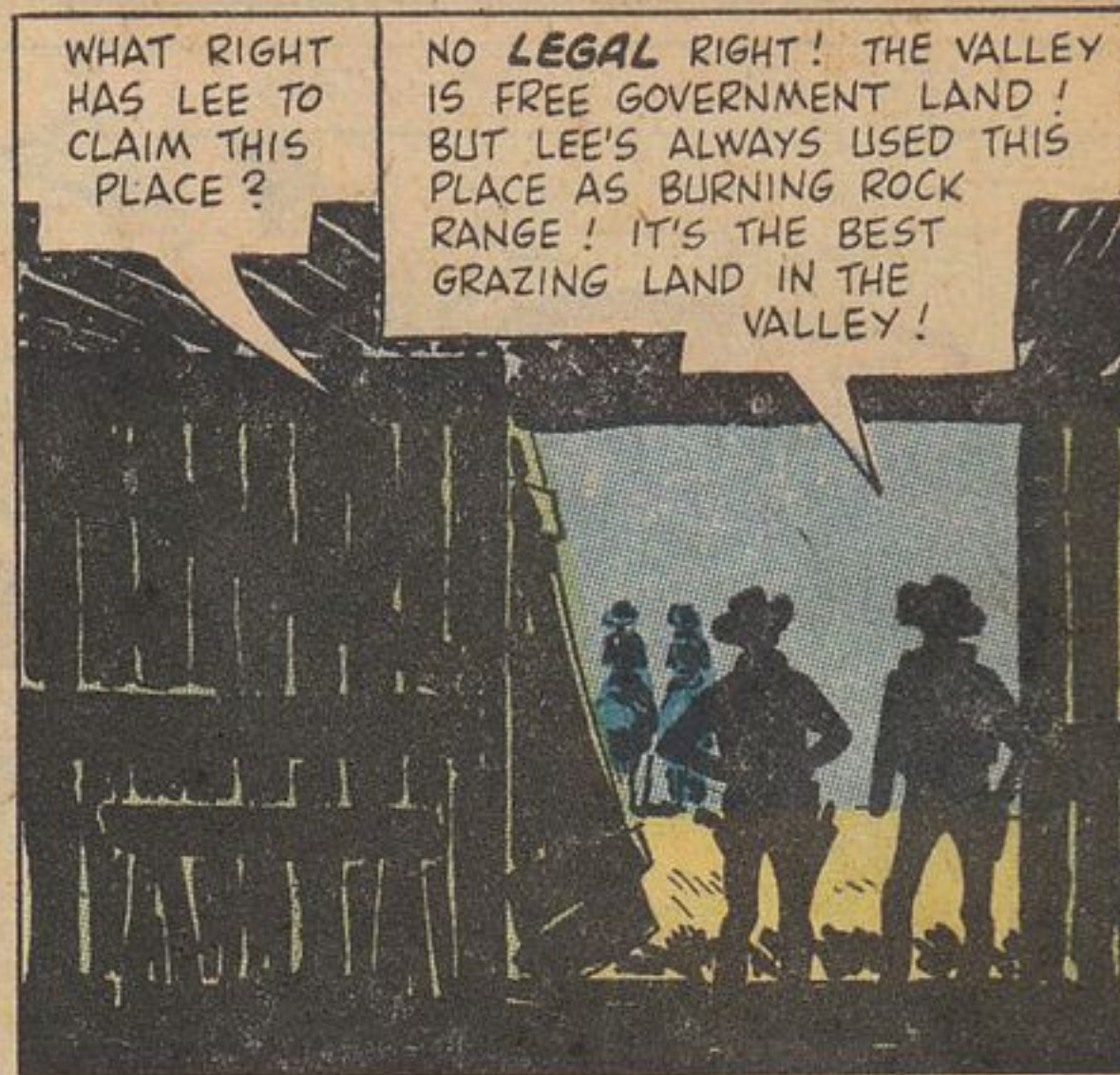


YOUR BOSS IS MIXED UP! **YOU'RE** THE TRESPASSERS! THIS IS NED BLAKE'S BROTHER! HE OWNS THIS LAND NOW!



I'M LETTING YOU GO **THIS** TIME! BUT TELL HIRAM LEE THE LAW'LL JAIL EVERYBODY CAUGHT TRESPASSING ON THE BLAKE LAND FROM NOW ON!

WE'LL TELL HIM, SHERIFF!



WHAT RIGHT HAS LEE TO CLAIM THIS PLACE?

NO **LEGAL** RIGHT! THE VALLEY IS FREE GOVERNMENT LAND! BUT LEE'S ALWAYS USED THIS PLACE AS BURNING ROCK RANGE! IT'S THE BEST GRAZING LAND IN THE VALLEY!



MILLS AND THE OTHER CATTLEMEN WANT IT, TOO! BUT LEE WAS THE FIRST RANCHER TO COME IN HERE! HIS OUTFIT'S THE BIGGEST AND STRONGEST! SO HE'S KEPT THE OTHERS OUT!



IF LEE KILLED NED, I'LL GET HIM!

NO YOU WON'T! THAT'S THE LAW'S JOB, DAN! I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS THE SHERIFF COMES HOME!

THE NEXT DAY, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

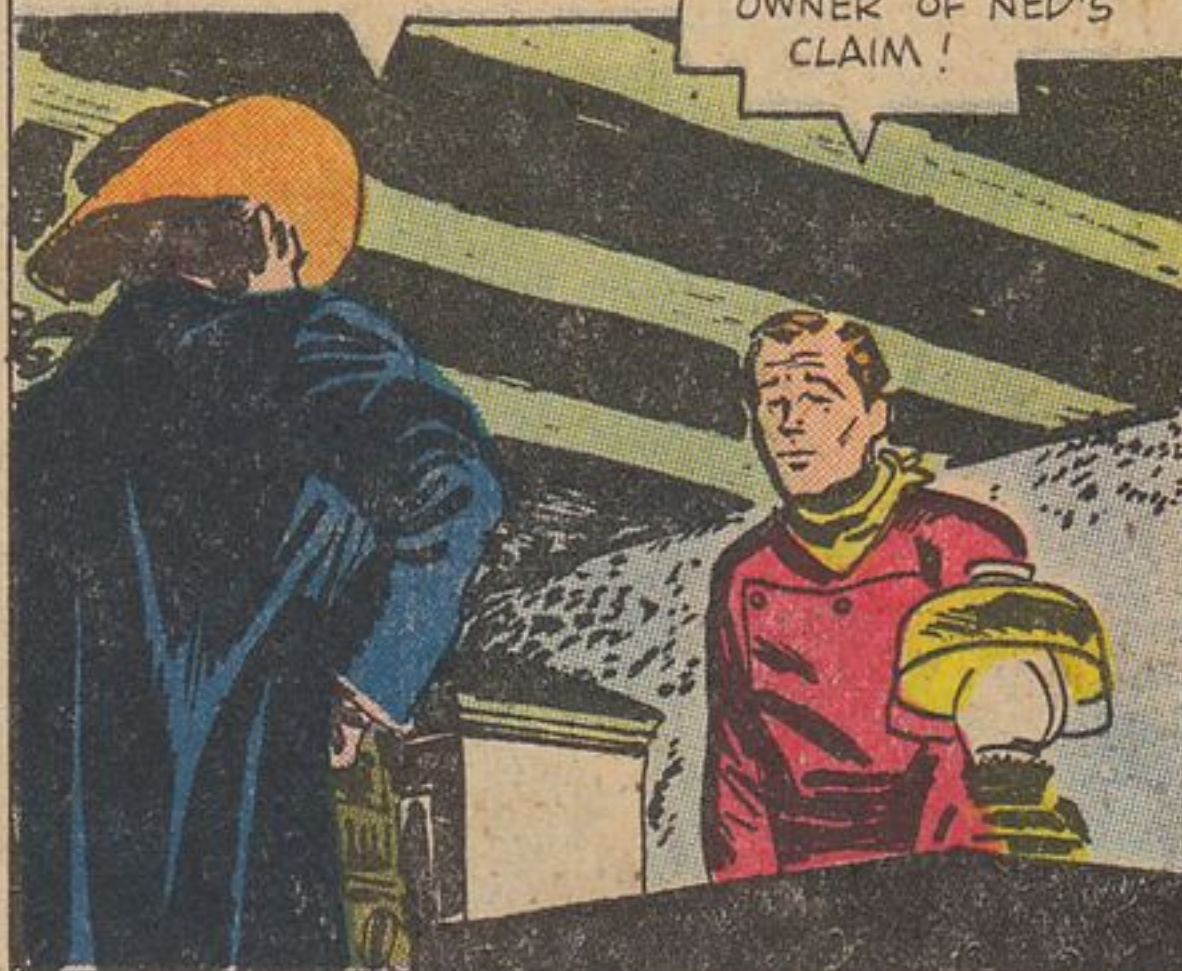
HIRAM LEE! JOHN MILLS! I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOU TWO TOGETHER... AND FRIENDLY!

WE HAVE OUR PRIVATE BATTLES... BUT WE STAND TOGETHER AGAINST CATTLE-STEALING NESTERS!



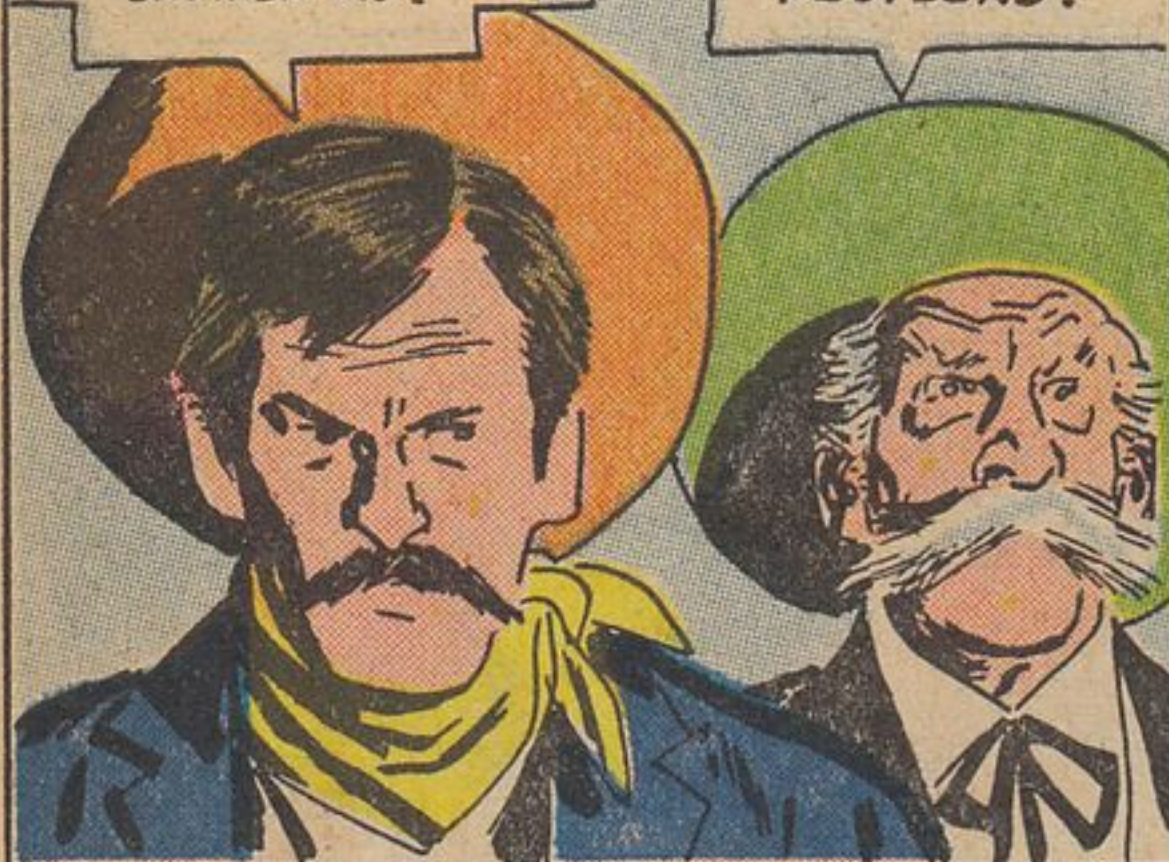
WE HEAR SOME STRANGER'S SHOWN UP, CLAIMING HE'S NED BLAKE'S BROTHER!

HE **IS** NED'S BROTHER, LEE!! DAN'S THE LEGAL OWNER OF NED'S CLAIM!



LEGAL OWNER OR NOT... WE'LL RUN HIM OUT OF THE VALLEY IF HE STEALS OUR CATTLE LIKE HIS BROTHER DID!

THE LAW CAN PROTECT NESTERS, ROGERS... BUT NOT **RUSTLERS!**



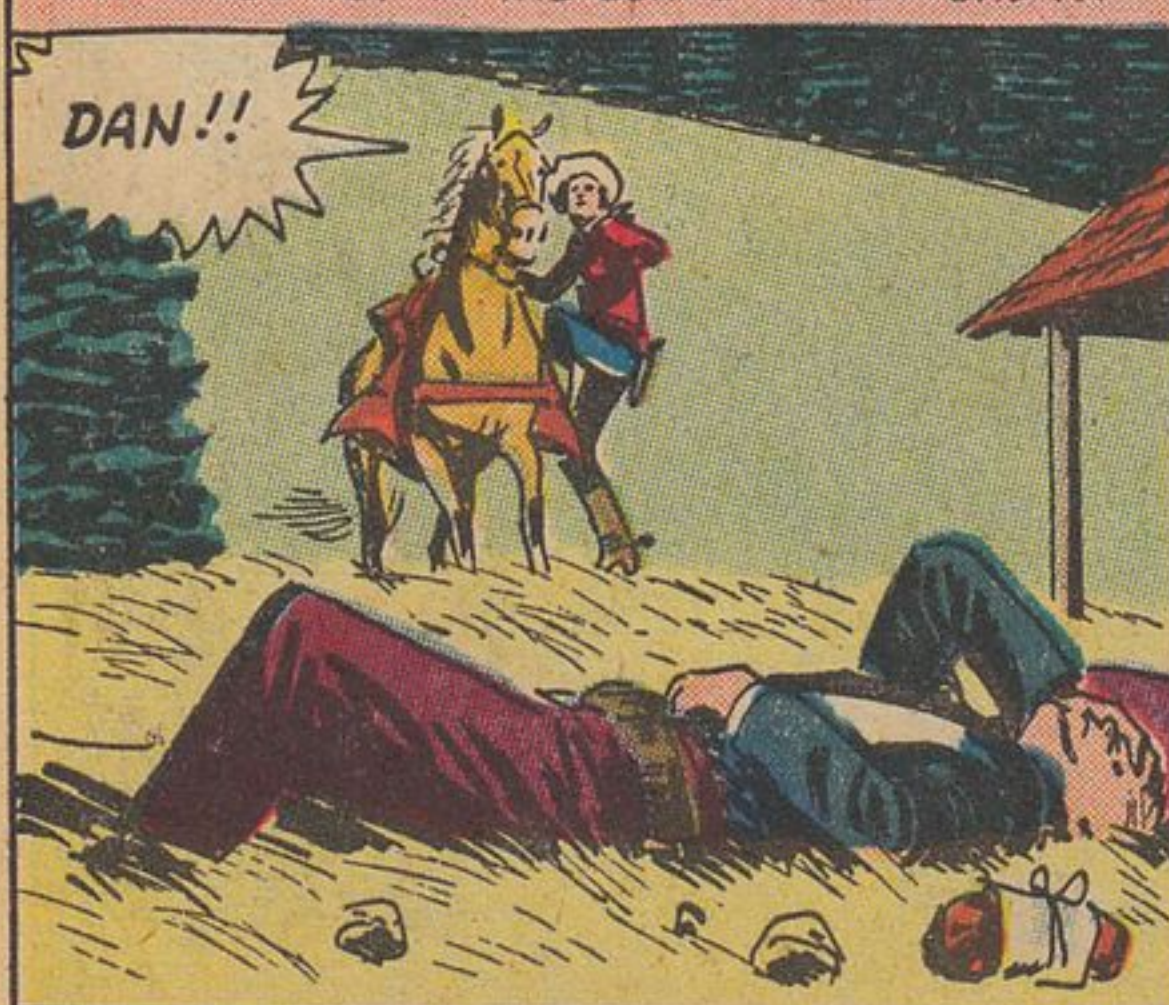
LEE, HERE, FOUND SEVERAL BURNING ROCK STEERS WITH WORKED-OVER BRANDS IN NED BLAKE'S HERD!

NED'S ACCIDENT SAVED HIM FROM JAIL... OR WORSE! SO TELL **DAN** BLAKE WE WON'T STAND FOR CATTLE STEALING!



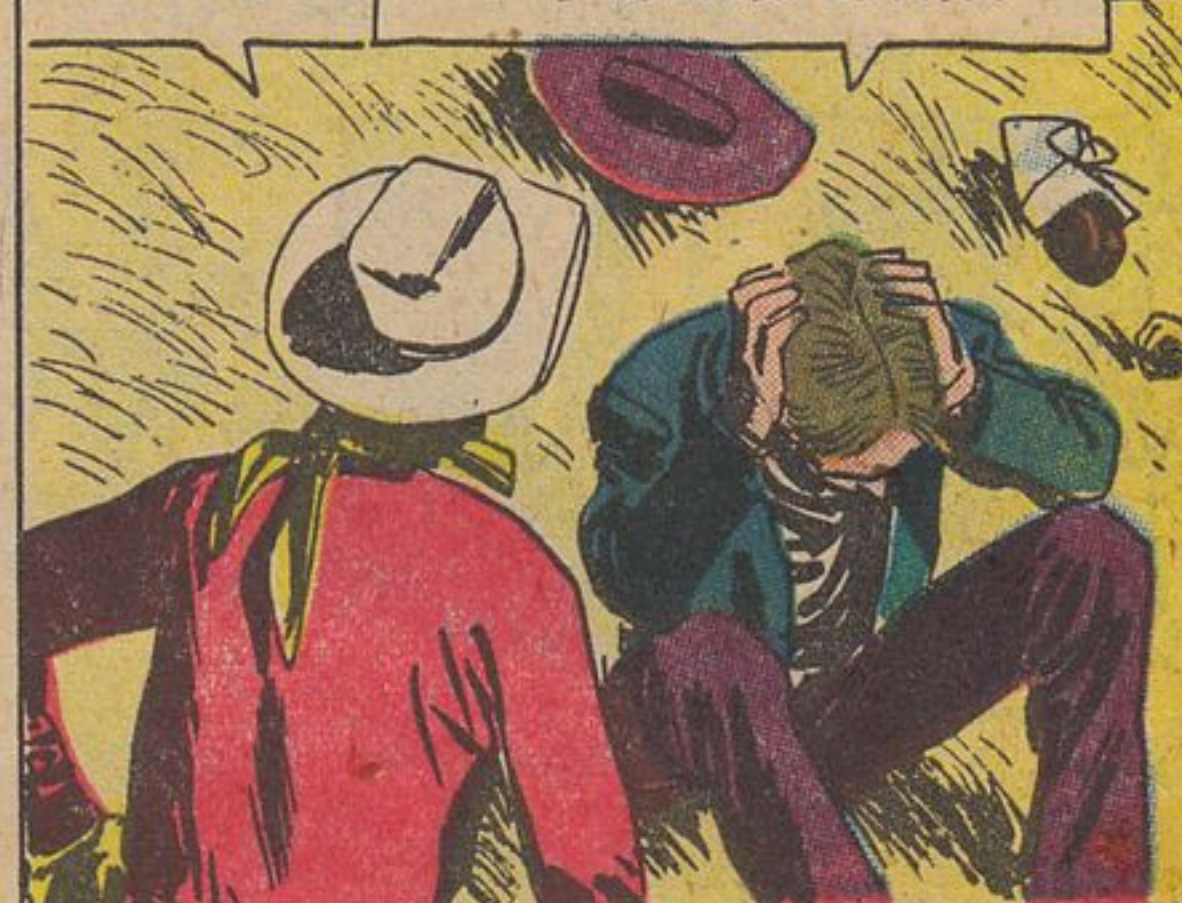
TWO DAYS LATER, THE SHERIFF RETURNS AND ROY RIDES OUT TO THE BLAKE HOMESTEAD...

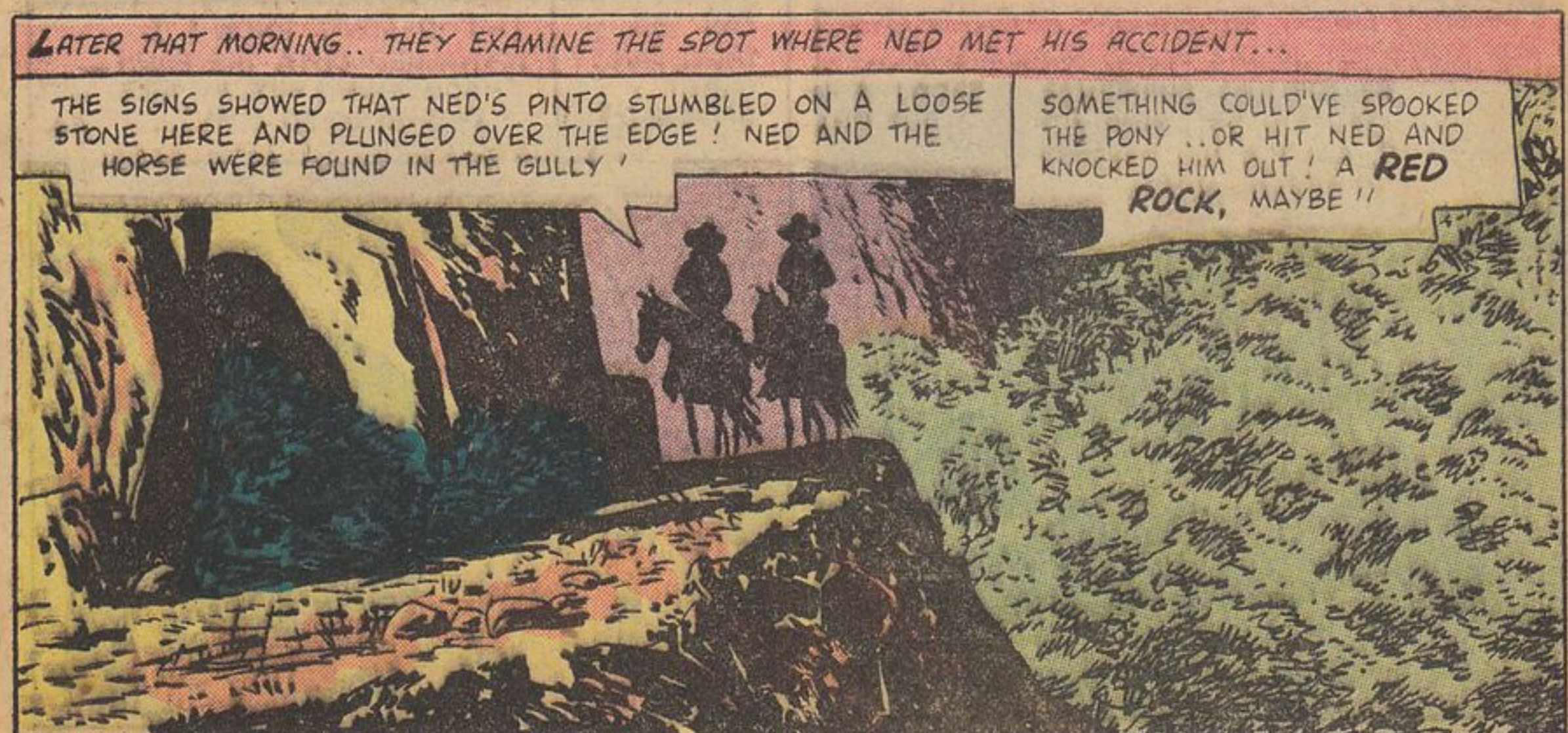
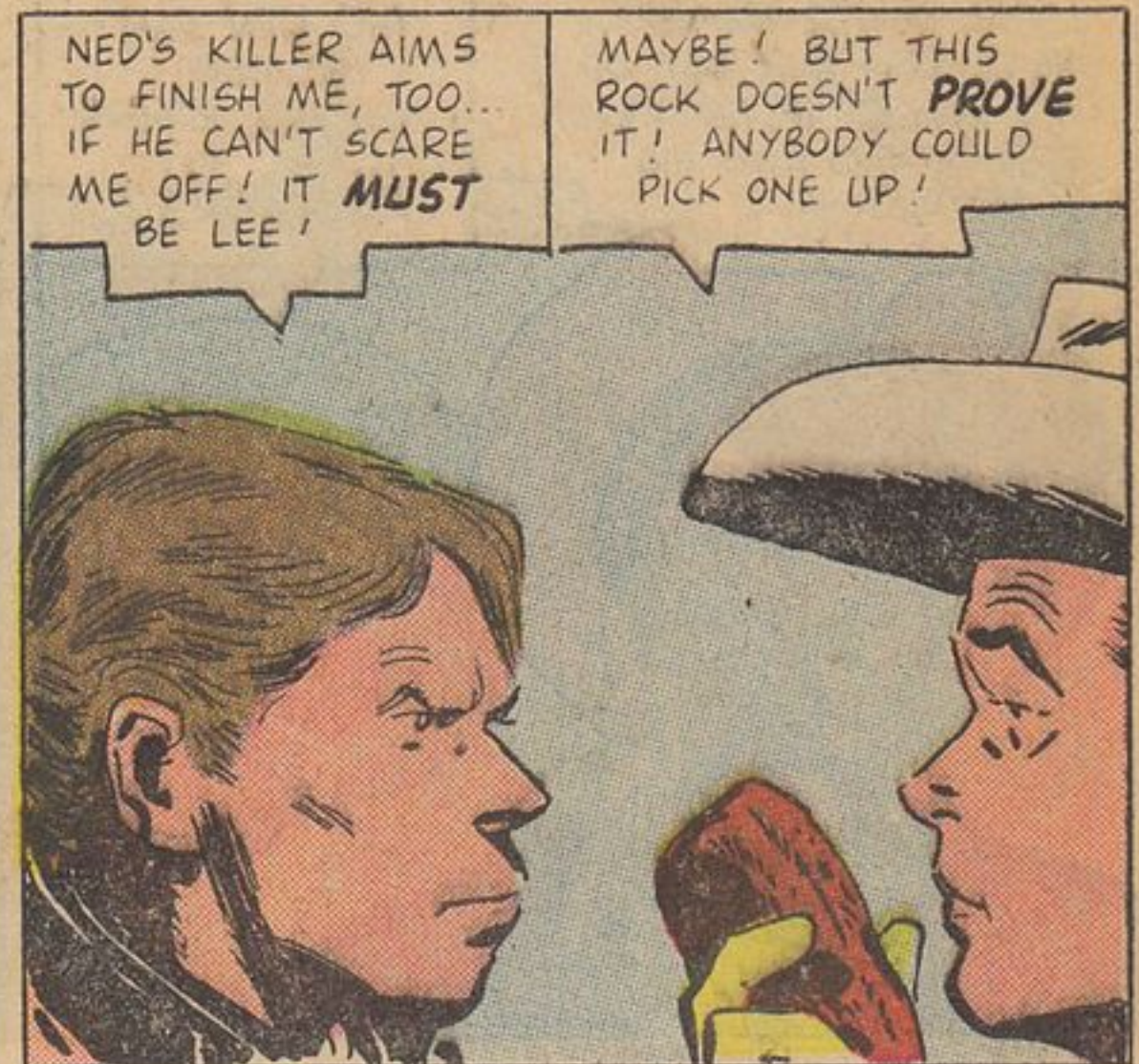
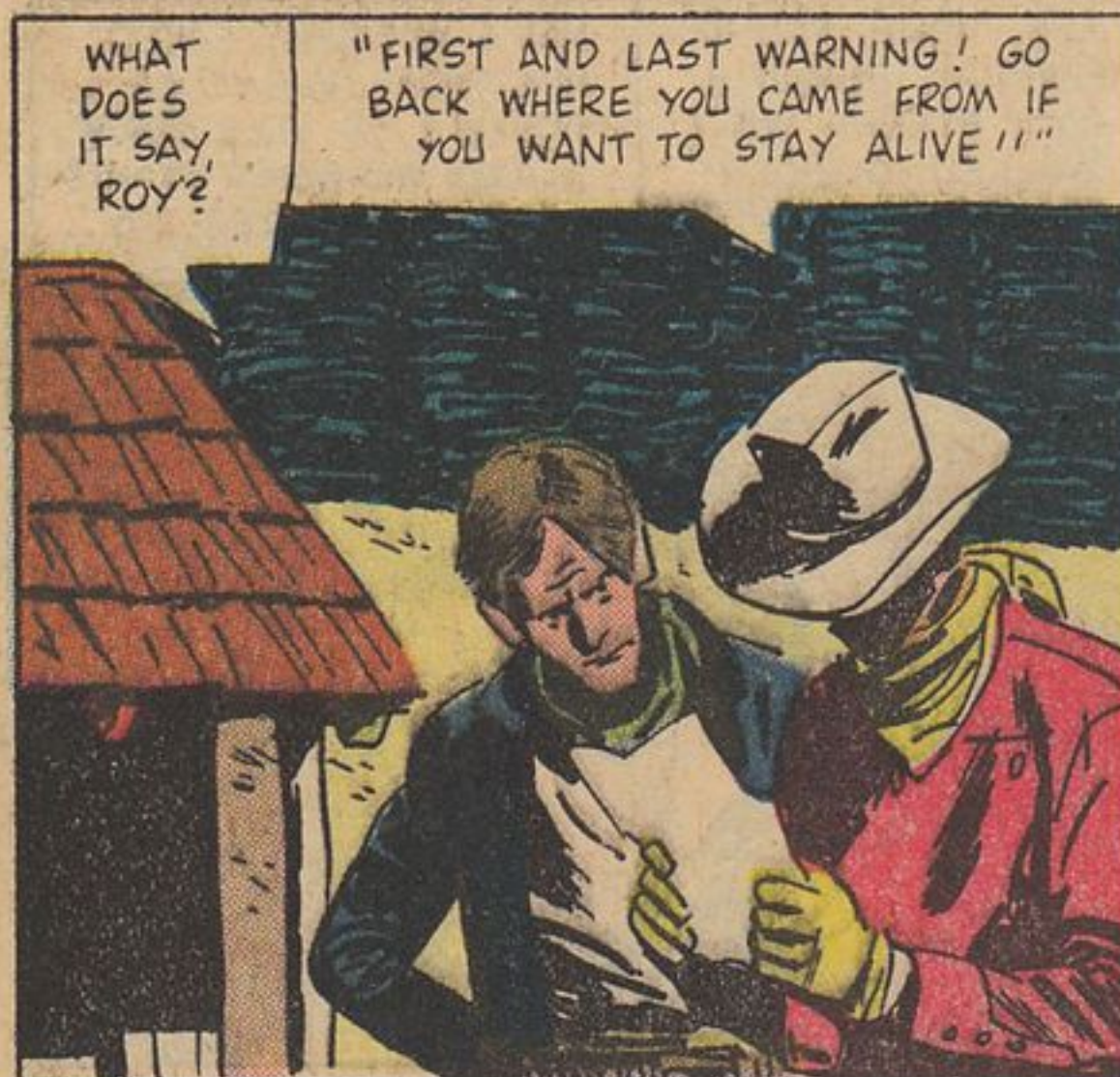
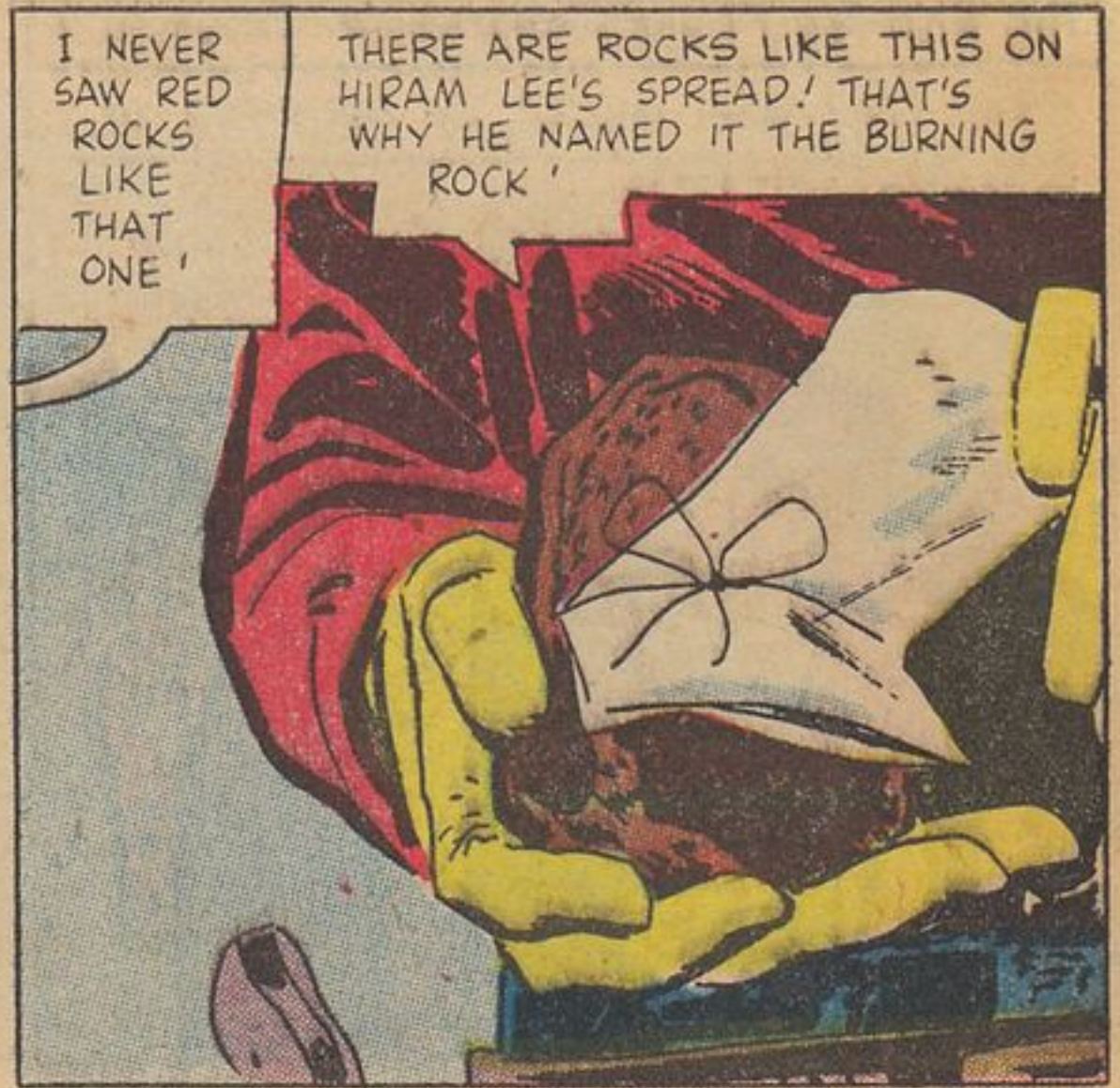
DAN!!



CAN YOU TALK, DAN? WHAT HAPPENED?

I-I D-DON'T KNOW! I W-WALKED OUTA THE BARN... S-SOMETHING HIT MY HEAD... I-I BLACKED OUT...!





NED WAS BADLY
BRUISED BY THE FALL,
BUT DOC DIDN'T FIND
ANY SIGNS OF FOUL
PLAY!

A HARD-THROWN ROCK
LEAVES A BRUISE!
LET'S RIDE DOWN INTO
THE GULLY!

IS THIS
GULLY ON
NED'S
LAND?

YES! IT'S THE ONLY BAD
SPOT ON THE CLAIM!



THEY DO NOT
SEE THE THREE
SHADOWY
FIGURES,
HIDDEN IN THE
UNDERBRUSH
ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE
GULLY...

LOOK, DAN! FRESH HOOFPRINTS! SOMEBODY
DROVE A BUNCH OF CATTLE THROUGH HERE
A SHORT TIME AGO!

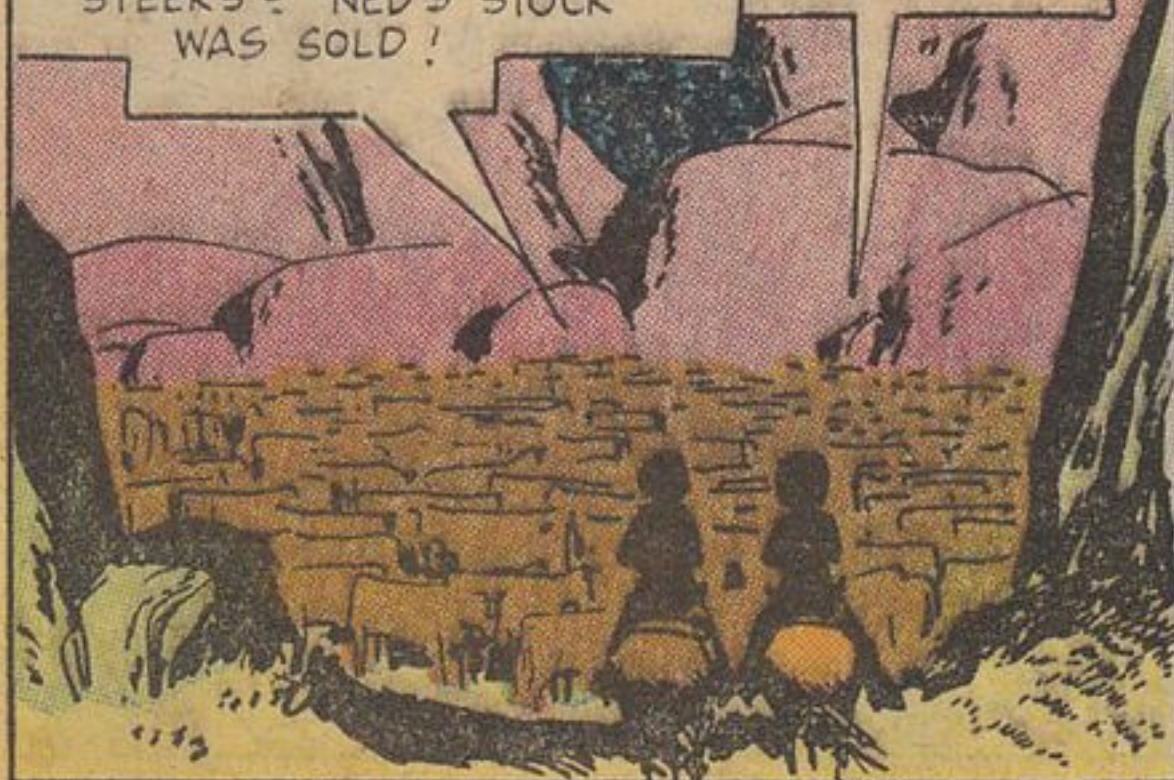
LET'S SEE WHERE THEY
WENT! COME ON!



THEY FOLLOW THE CATTLE TRAIL THROUGH THE
TWISTING GULLY...

A LITTLE HIDDEN VALLEY!
A NATURAL CORRAL!
BUT WHO OWNS THOSE
STEERS? NED'S STOCK
WAS SOLD!

LET'S LOOK
AT THE
BRANDS!

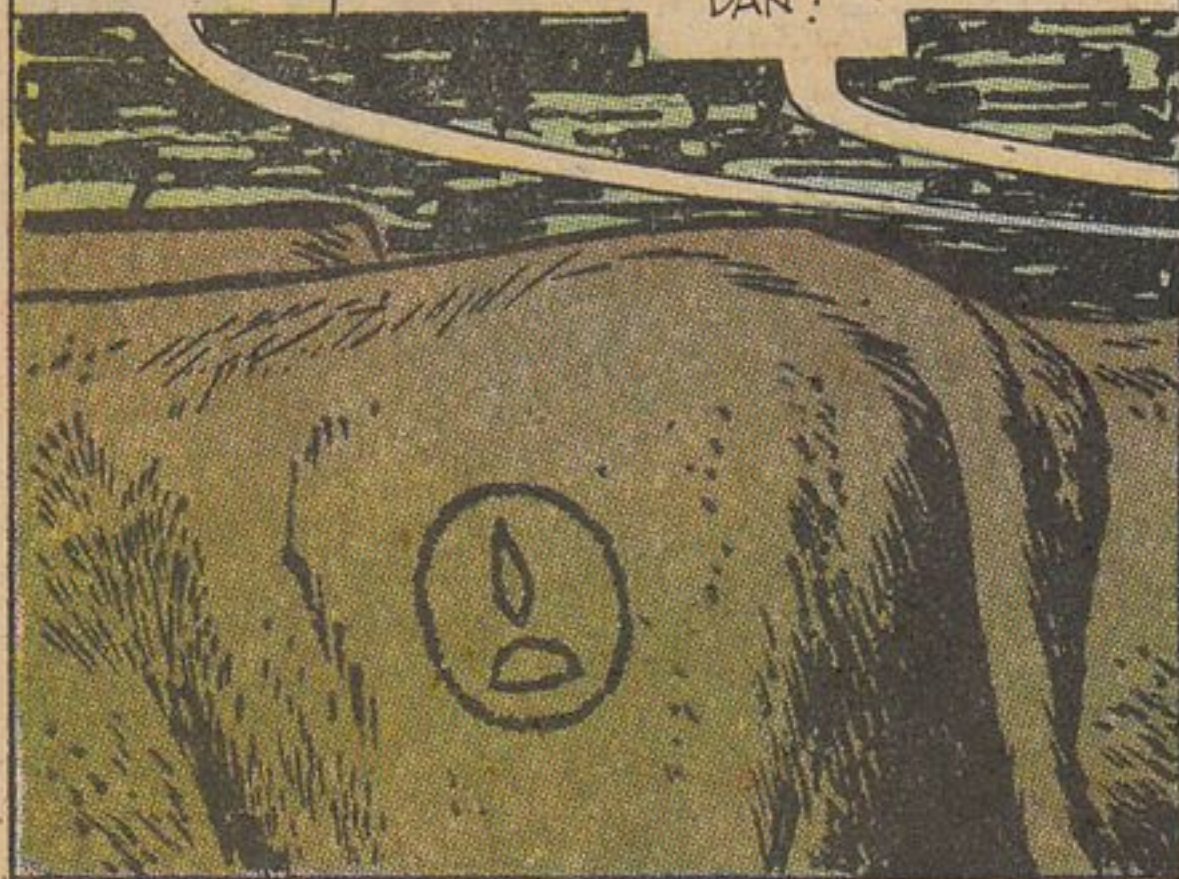


MY GUESS IS THEY'RE STOLEN CATTLE,
HIDDEN ON YOUR LAND BY THE RUSTLERS!



THEY ALL
WEAR THE
BURNING
ROCK
BRAND!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE
DELIBERATELY LEFT A CLEAR
TRAIL ACROSS YOUR SPREAD
TO THIS HIDE-OUT... AIMING
TO PIN THE RUSTLING ON **YOU**,
DAN!



DO YOU THINK
HIRAM LEE
RUSTLED HIS
OWN
CATTLE?

NO! AND I DON'T THINK
HE KILLED NED... OR THREW
THAT RED ROCK AT YOU!



I THINK SOMEONE'S STIRRING LEE UP AGAINST
YOU... THE WAY HE DID AGAINST NED... HOPING
LEE WILL DO SOMETHING VIOLENT! WE'VE GOT
TO STOP HIM! LET'S GO!



AS THEY RIDE OUT OF THE GULLY...

WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
TRIGGER?

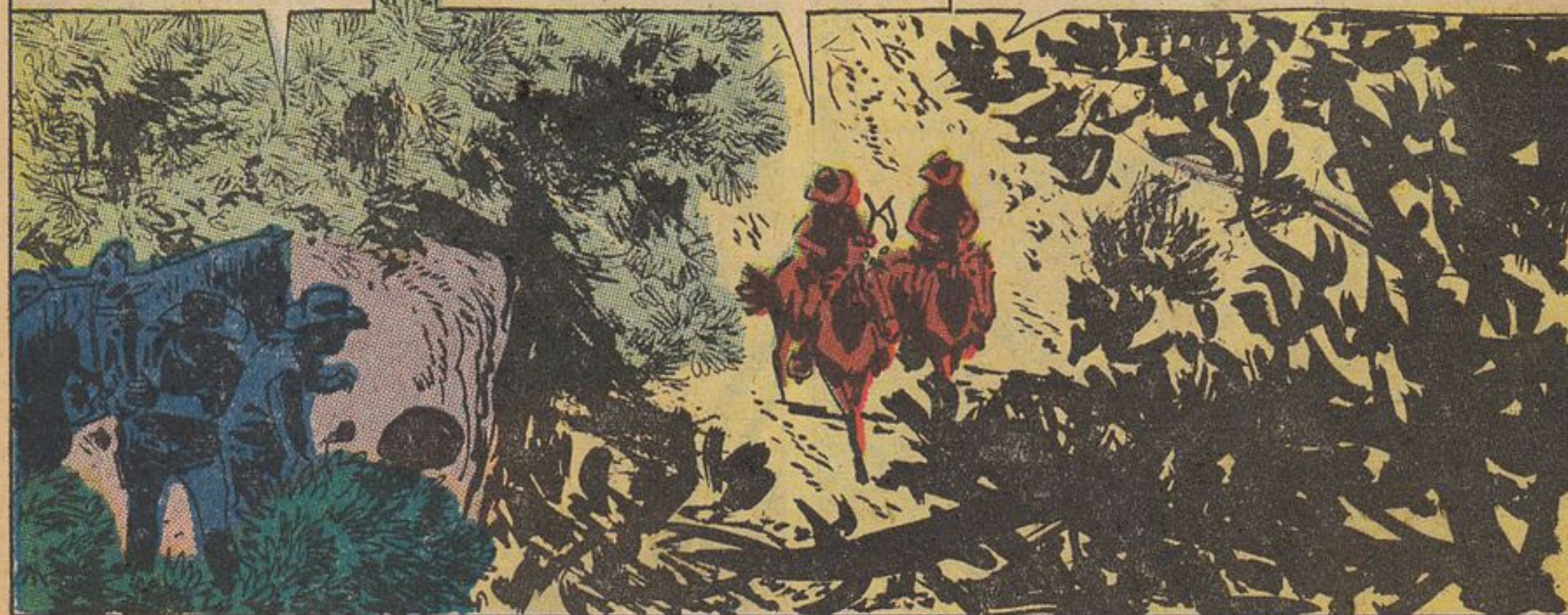
HE HEARS SOMETHING! GET
UNDER COVER AND SEE WHAT
HAPPENS!



SHHH... DAN... IT'S THOSE
TWO BURNING ROCK
RIDERS! LISTEN!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, SHALE! I
DON'T MIND TAKIN' CARE OF
NESTERS... BUT NOT **LAWMEN**!

WE'RE GETTIN' PAID PLENTY FOR THE
JOB! THE BOSS IS AFRAID OF ROGERS!
DOESN'T WANT HIM NOSIN' AROUND!



HERE'S A GOOD SPOT!
THEY'LL HAFTA RIDE
SINGLE FILE...SO I CAN
HIT 'EM BOTH EASY!

THE BOSS SAID NOT
TO MAKE IT LOOK SO
MUCH LIKE AN
ACCIDENT **THIS**
TIME!



LET'S
GET
'EM!

DON'T SHOOT! GUNFIRE'LL WARN
THEIR BOSS... IF HE'S AROUND!
I'LL JUMP THEM!



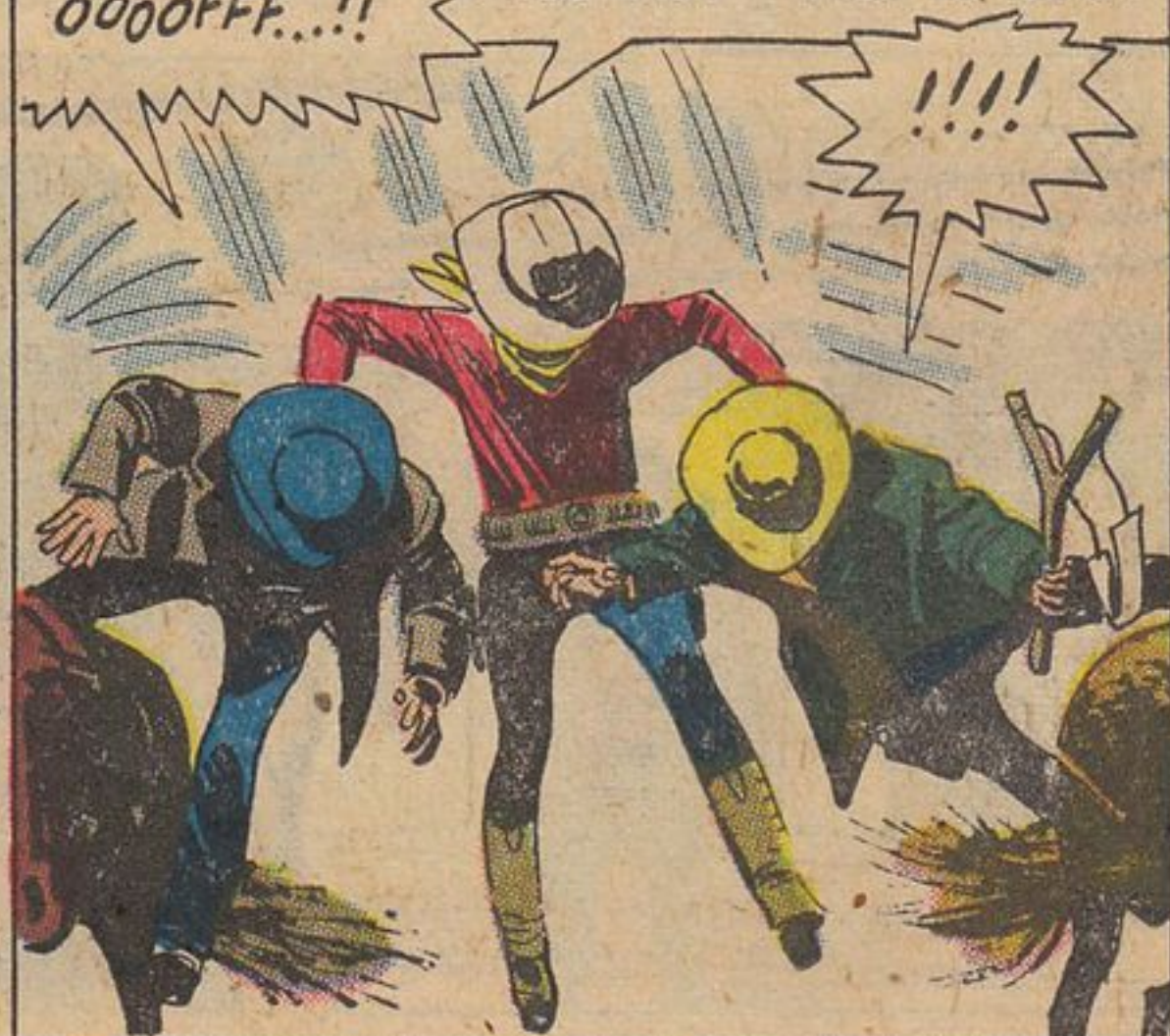
MAYBE WE'VE MISSED
THEM!

NOT A CHANCE! WE
SAW 'EM RIDE IN...
WE DIDN'T SEE 'EM
RIDE OUT!



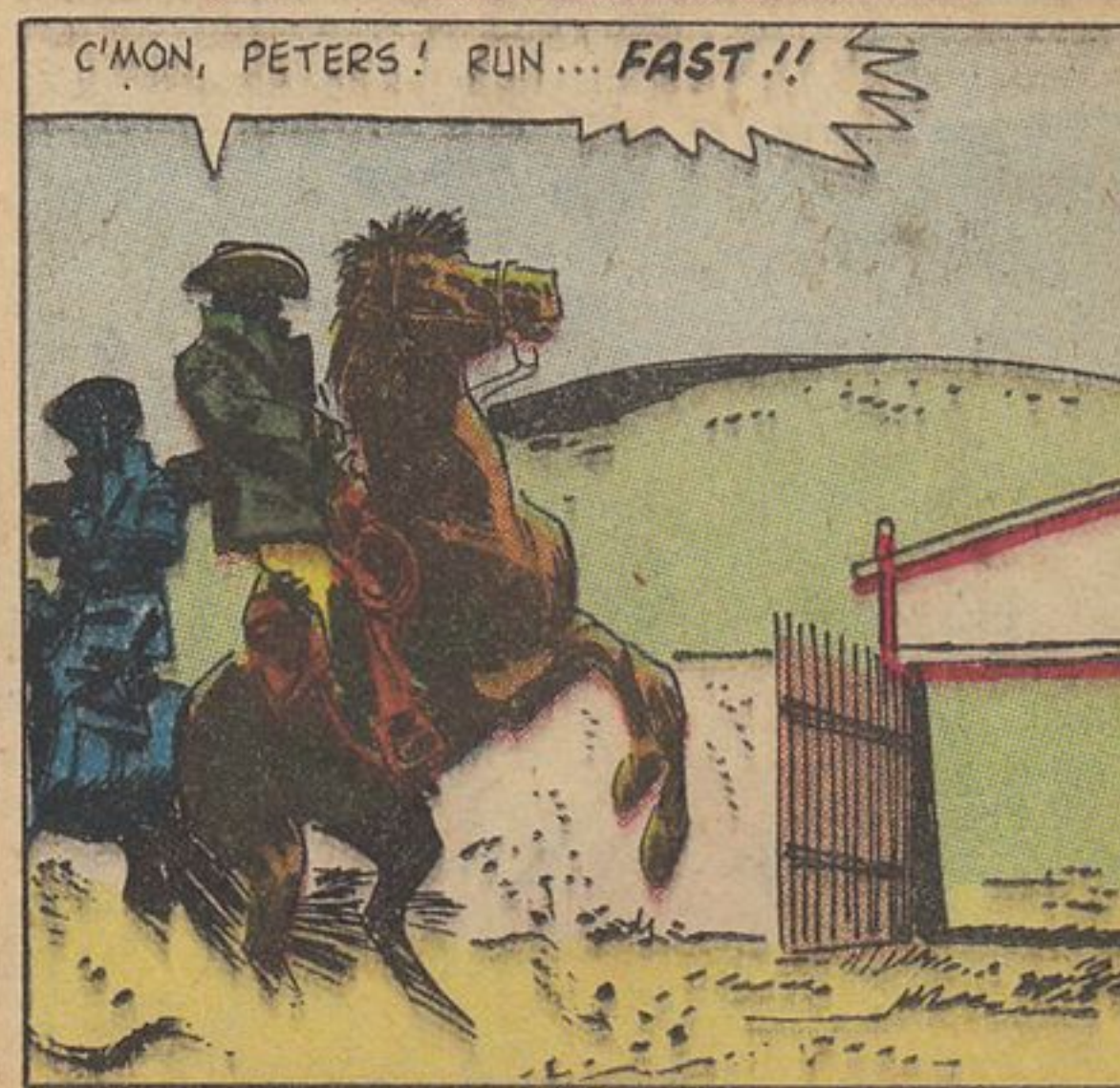
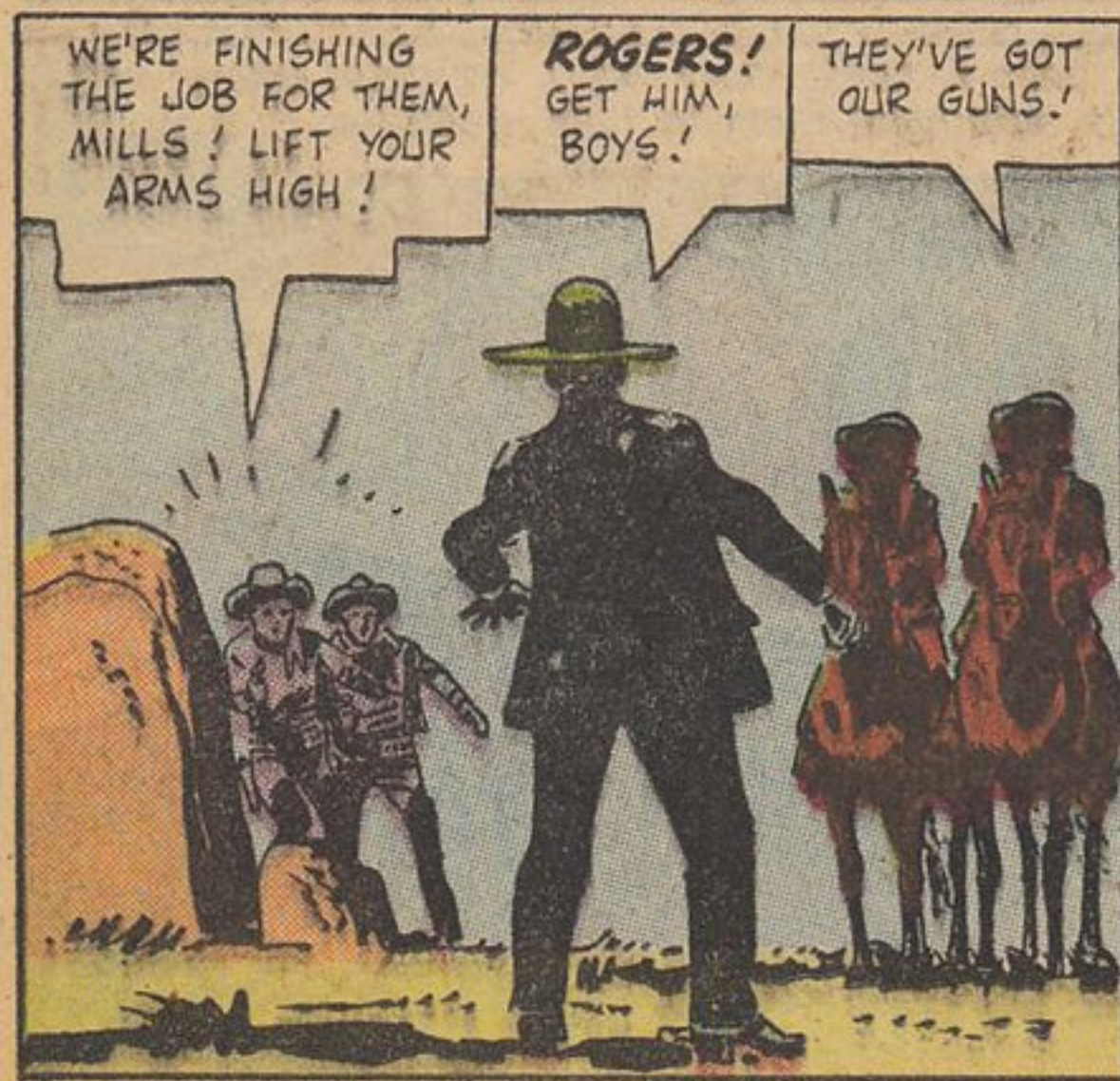
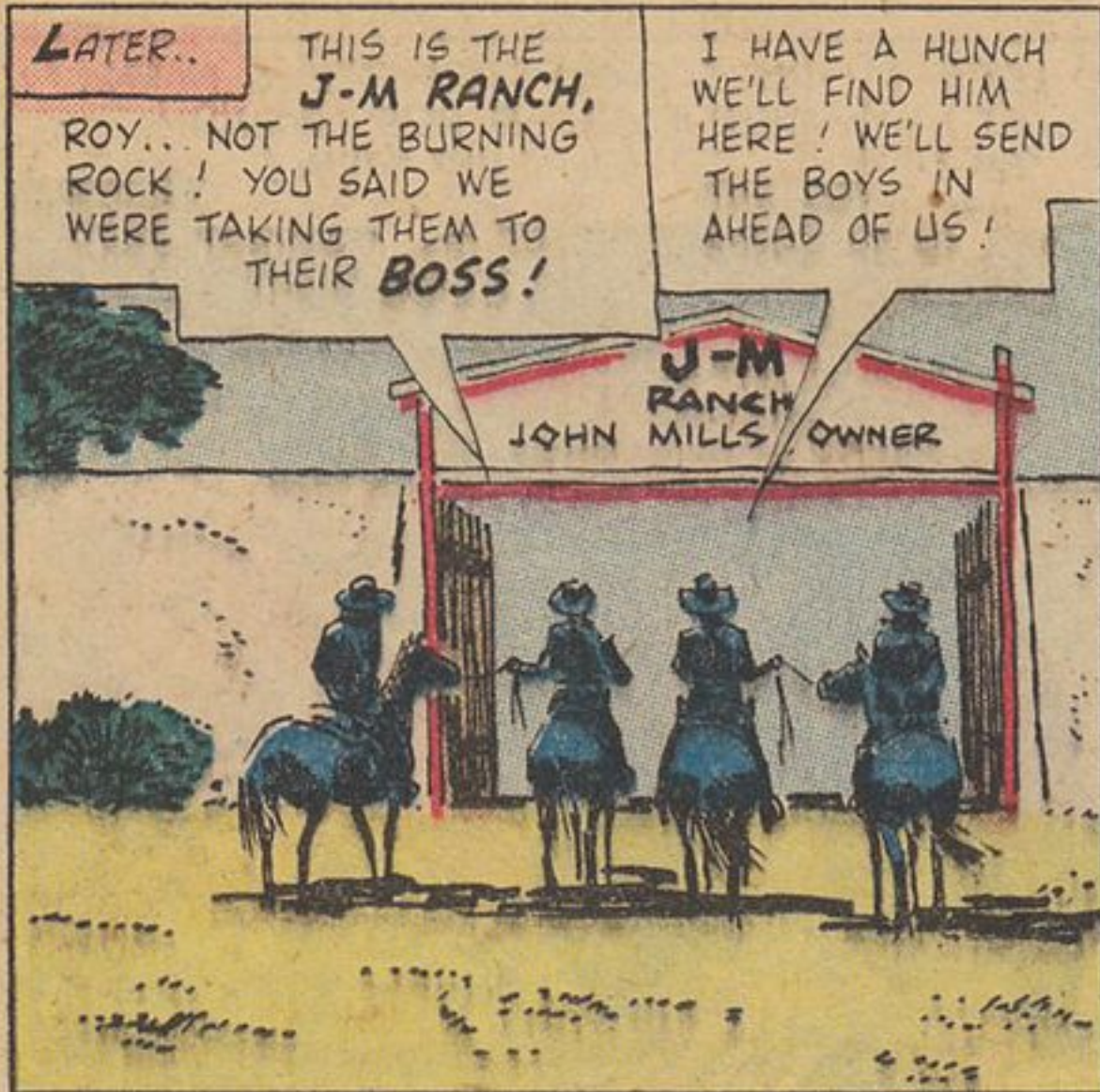
OOOOFF...!!

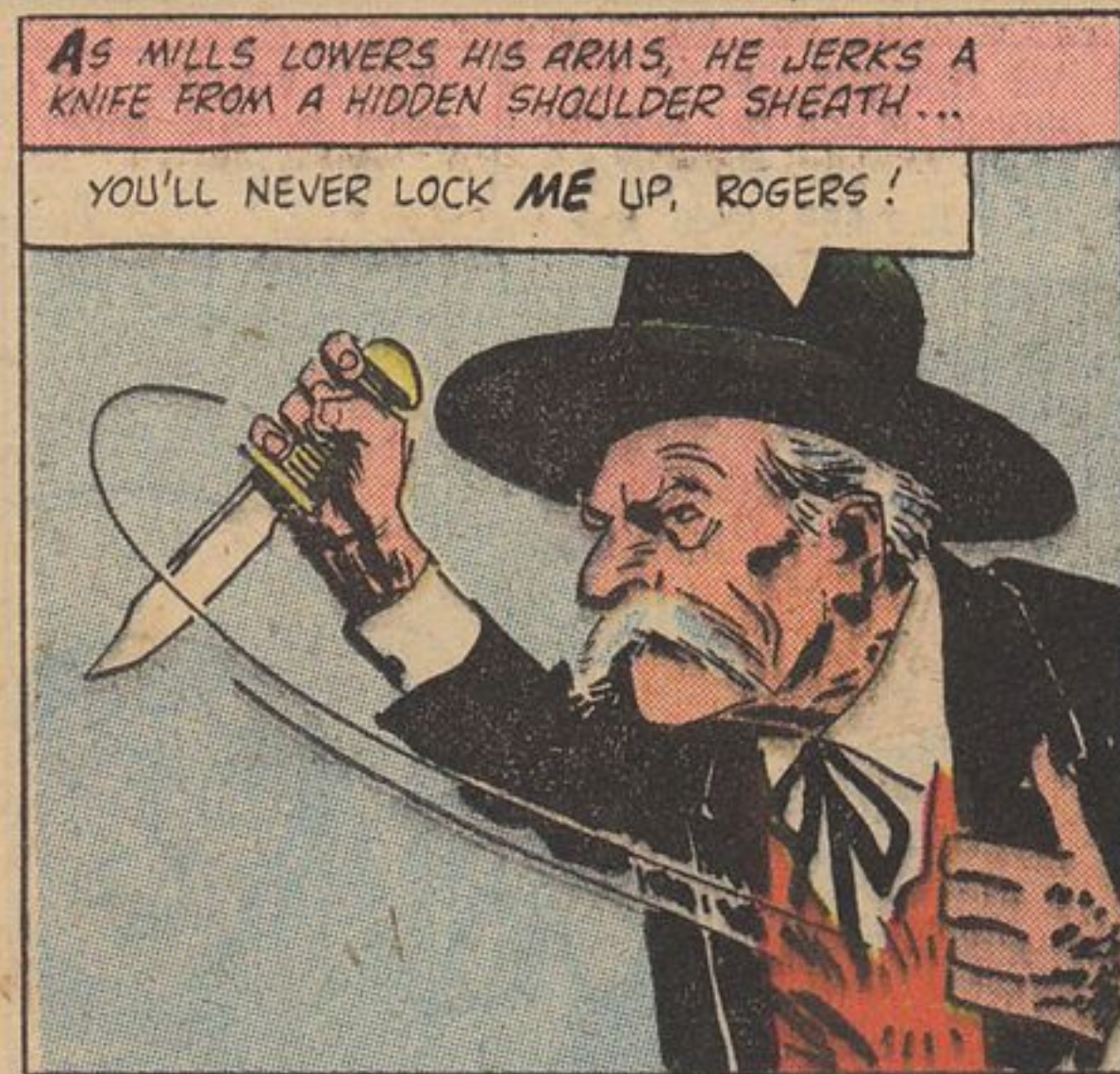
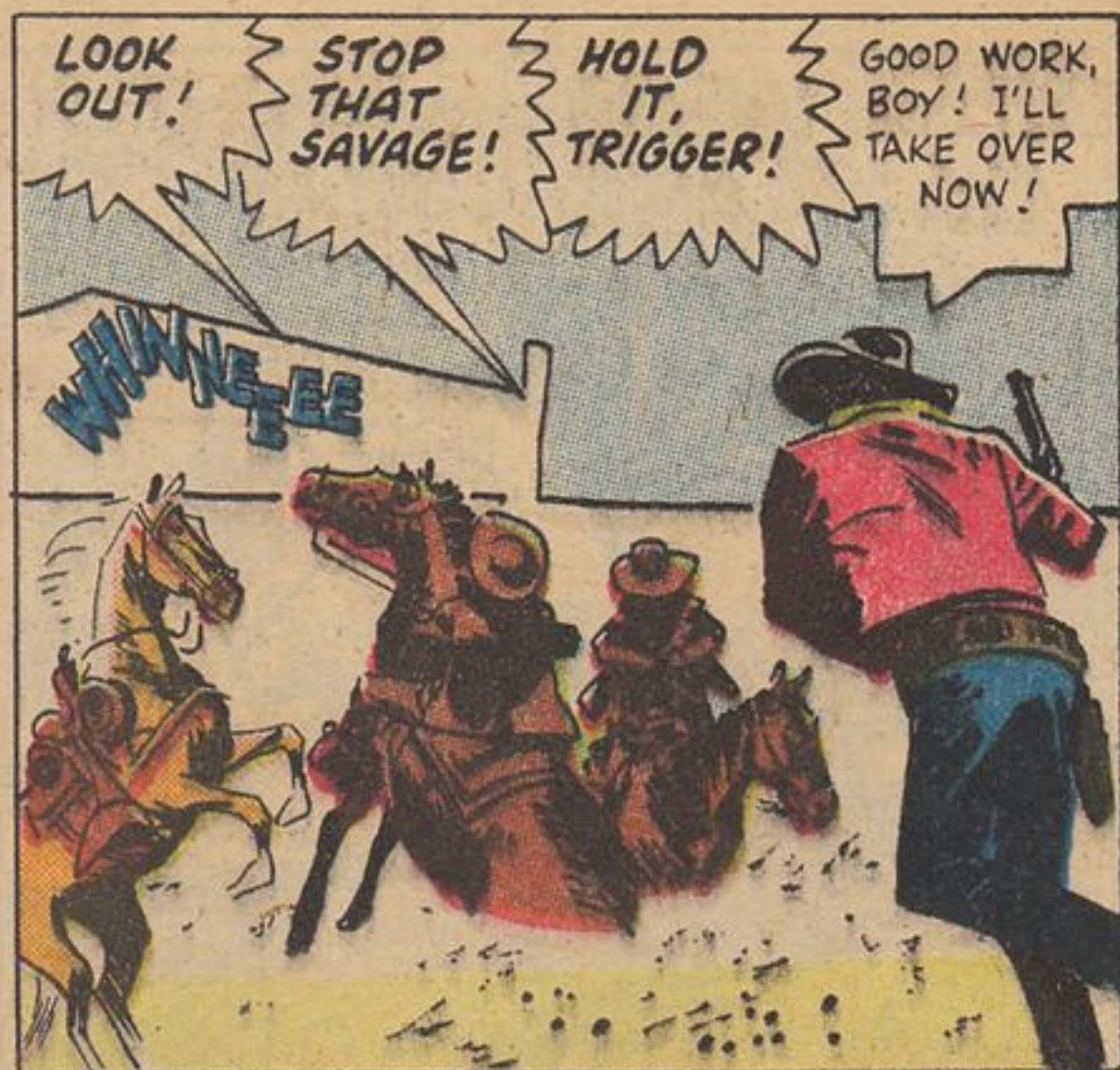
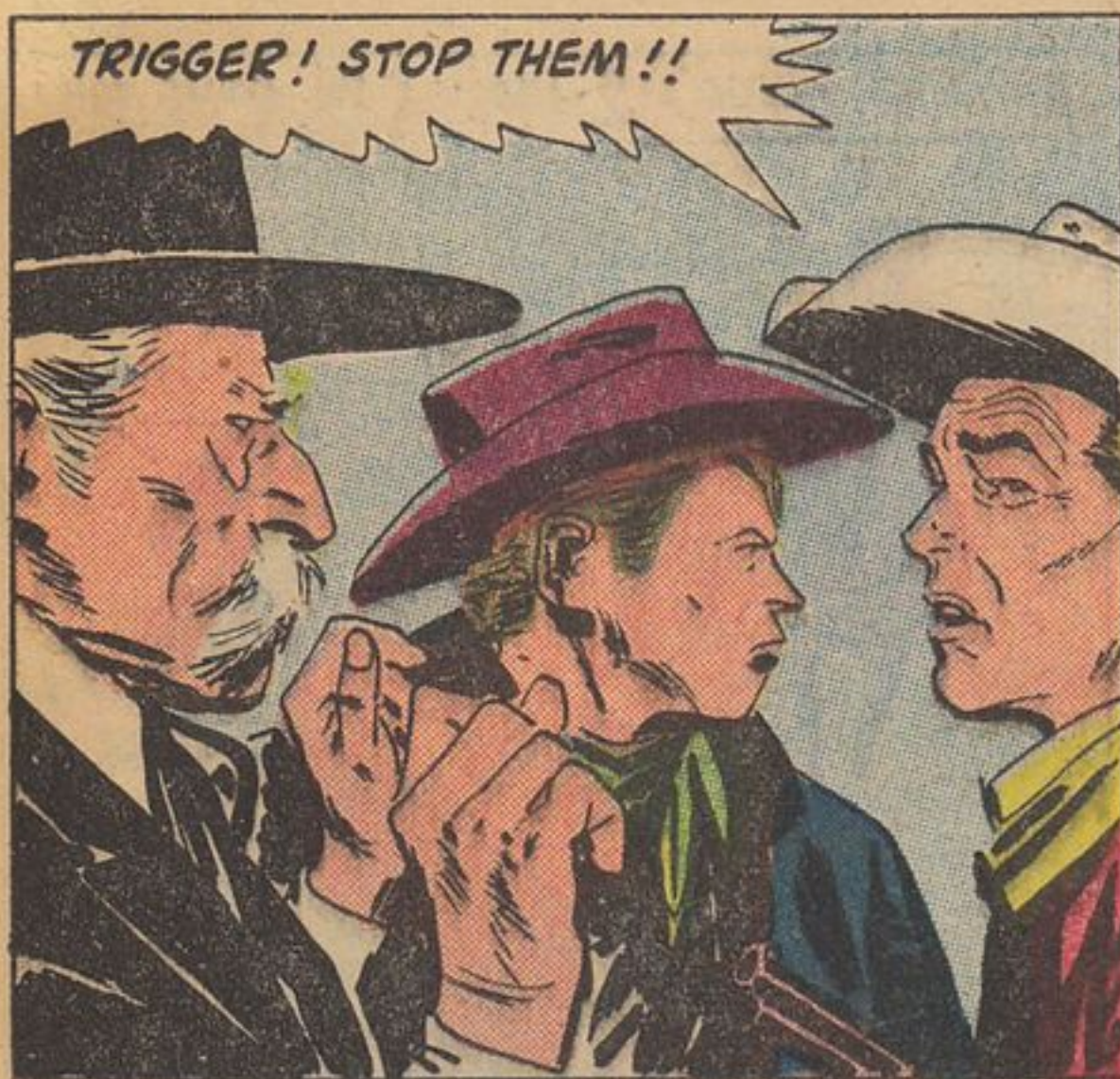
YOU DIDN'T MISS US, BOYS!

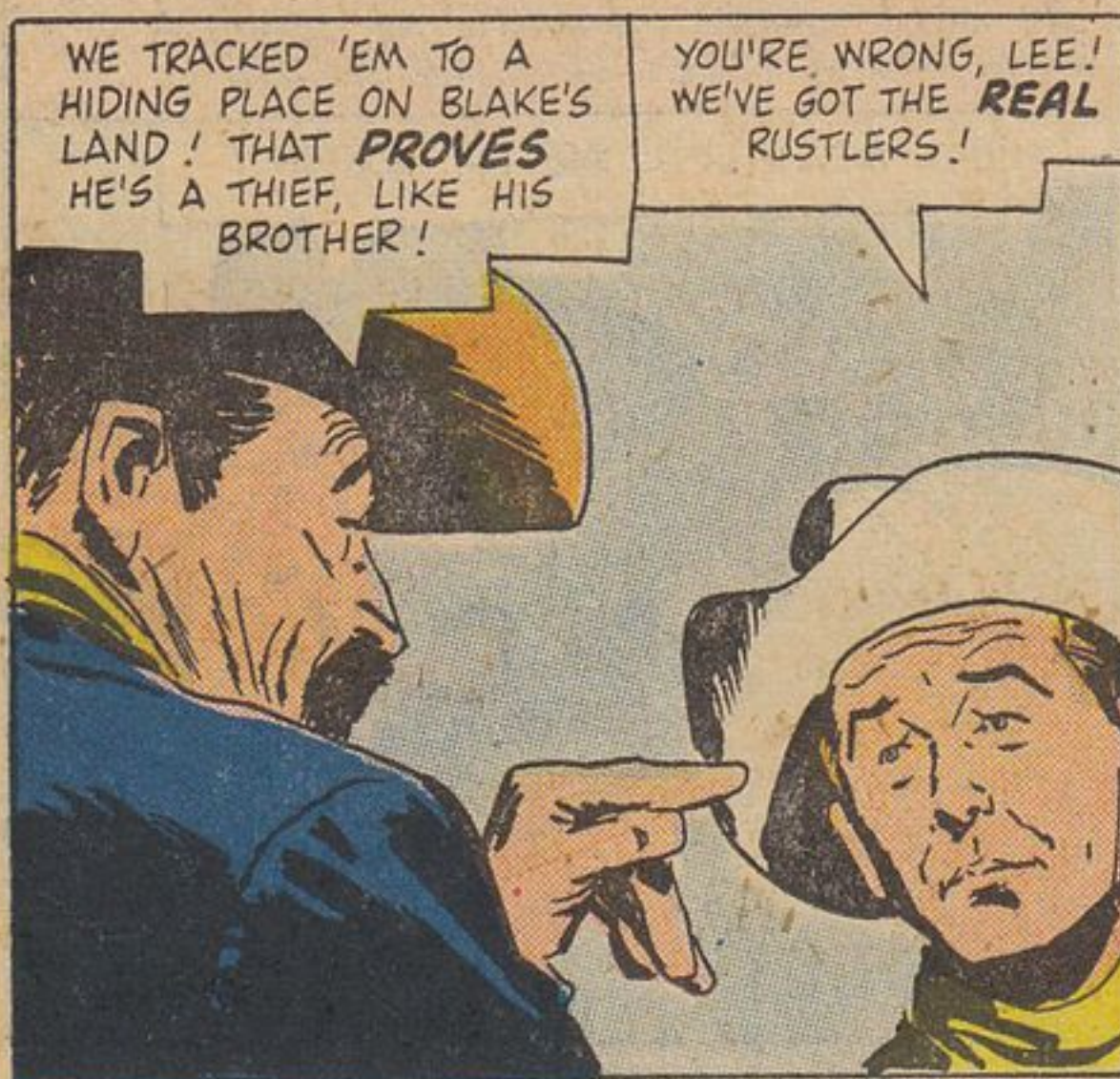


GET A ROPE, DAN! WE'LL TIE THEM UP...
AND TAKE THEM TO THEIR BOSS!









THE TENDERFOOT



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Red Jake bellowed, as anger reddened his normally red face, "Why don't you look where you're going, tenderfoot?"

"I'm sorry, sir," young Art Edison apologized, as he flushed a crimson color almost matching that of Red Jake.

"Sorry? You bump into me and then stomp on my corn and say you're sorry!" Jake yelled, as he clutched his left foot. "You eastern city punks had better learn your manners when you come west!"

"Well, I am sorry, mister," Edison apologized again. "I was only trying to get past you to go up to my room in the hotel, but you bumped into me and I..."

"So, now it's my fault!" Jake roared. "I reckon I'll have to teach you a lesson, one you won't forget for a long time!"

A crowd had collected around the hotel, and Jake saw his opportunity to bully the young stranger into submission — for no one was going to make a fool of him in front of the townspeople.

Red Jake made a grab for Edison's arm and missed as the young easterner quickly turned away, trying to duck into the hotel. But Jake's other hand caught Edison by the shoulder, pulling the youth off balance. With a lurching motion, Edison was pulled forward against Jake.

"You tromped on my corn again," Jake yowled. "You — you, yellow tenderfoot!"

The onlookers burst into laughter.

"Reckon you're the tenderfoot, Jake," one man in the crowd jeered.

The unexpected ridicule from the people spurred Jake into action. Yanking his gun from its holster, he sent a bullet crashing into the boardwalk between Edison's feet.

"We'll see who's the tenderfoot!" Jake shouted, as another bullet buried itself in the walk. "I'll shoot the shoes right off you, unless you dance to my tune!"

Edison had no choice but to jump to miss the shots which were aimed at his feet.

After firing the fourth shot, Jake leveled his gun at Edison and triumphantly cried, "Well, now, who's the tenderfoot?"

It was quite obvious that one of the shots had nicked Edison's heel for he hopped on one foot, grimacing with pain. Just then Jake fired a fifth shot at the hopping youth, tearing the heel from the other shoe. At that, young Edison's pain gave way to flaming anger. Disregarding his injury, he rushed heedlessly toward Jake — despite the gun in Jake's hand.

The flying tackle swept the big man backwards, knocking the breath out of him as he fell on the boardwalk. Wresting the gun from Jake's hand, the angry youngster leaped to his feet.

"I'll show you who's a real tenderfoot!" screamed Edison. "You're not going to shoot this gun anymore today! I'll fire this last shot for you — before you shoot somebody else with it!"

Pointing the gun into the air, he pulled the trigger, but the hammer clicked on an empty chamber. He tried again!

"What happened to the sixth bullet?" the surprised youth asked.

"You mean to say that you actually thought Jake had a shot left in his gun when you rushed him?" one man questioned.

"Why, of course—six-guns carry six shells, don't they?" Edison replied with a look of confusion.

"Sure, son," the onlooker answered. "But out west nobody carries six in 'em!"

"Nobody does what?" Edison asked.

"Nobody out here carries a six-gun loaded with six bullets! That'd mean that the hammer would be resting on a live shell — too many accidents could happen. But being a tenderfoot you couldn't have known that!"

Seeing the angered look that flared in Edison's eyes at the mention of the word "tenderfoot," the speaker hurriedly added, "A tough tenderfoot like you, that is!"

Roy Rogers' Horse
TRIGGER

in **EYE WITNESS**

HE ISN'T GOING
TO CO-OPERATE, VIC!
LET HIM HAVE IT!

TRIGGER,
LOOK!

EARLY ONE MORNING, IN THE
HILLS OUTSIDE THE DOUBLE-
R-BAR RANCH...

SUDDENLY...

BLAW!

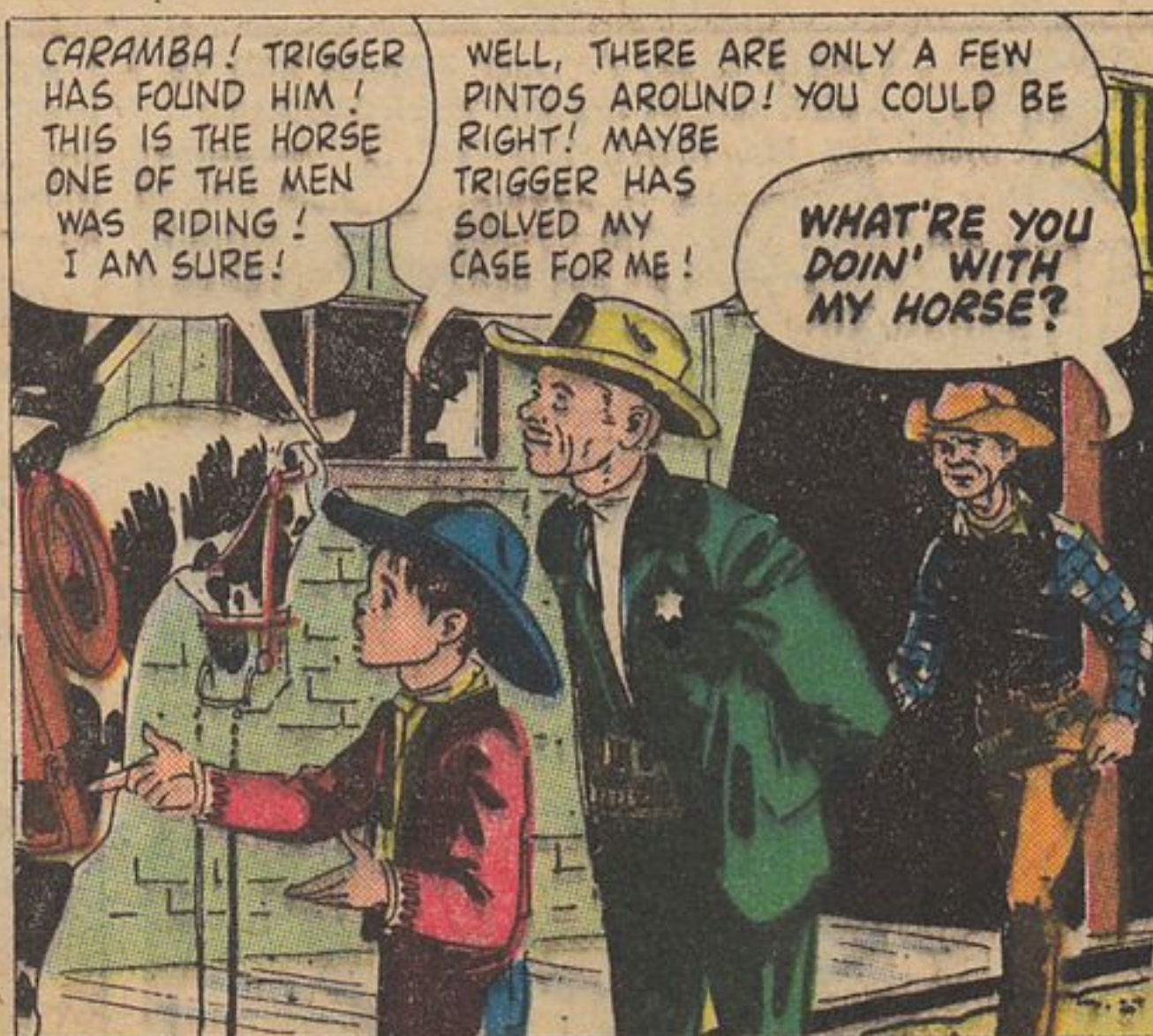
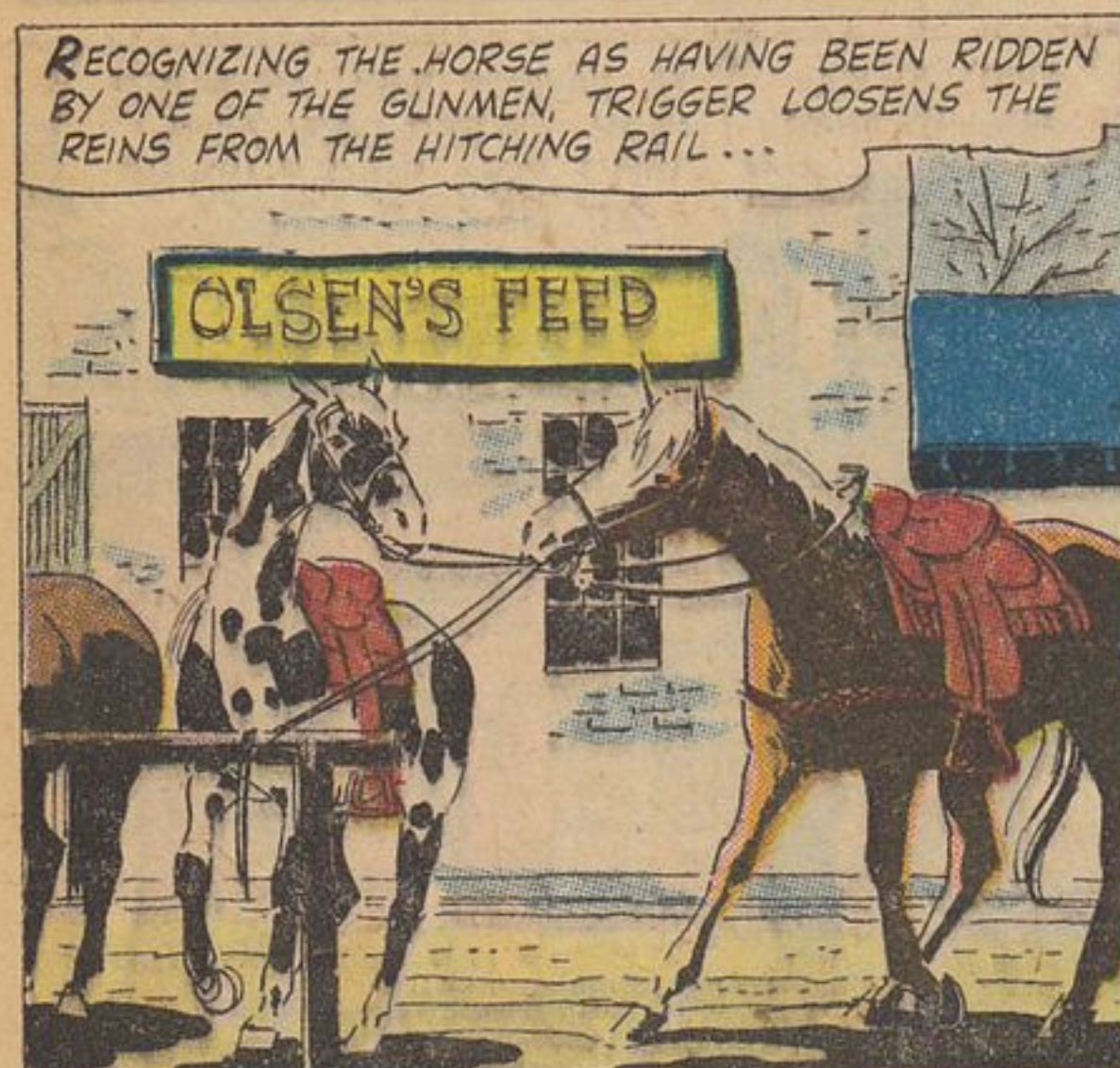
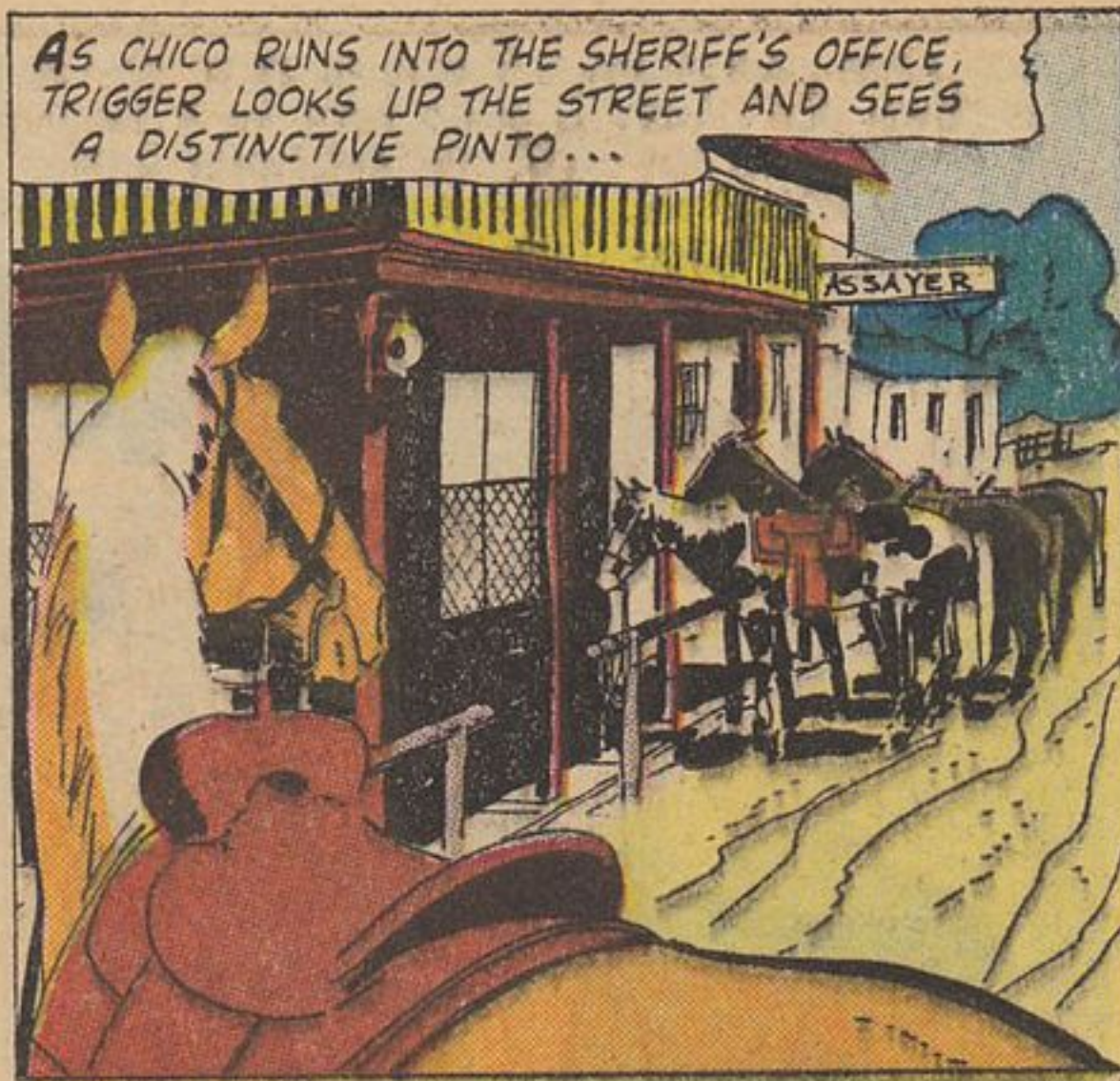
HURRY, TRIGGER! WE
MUST TRY TO SEE WHO
THEY ARE!

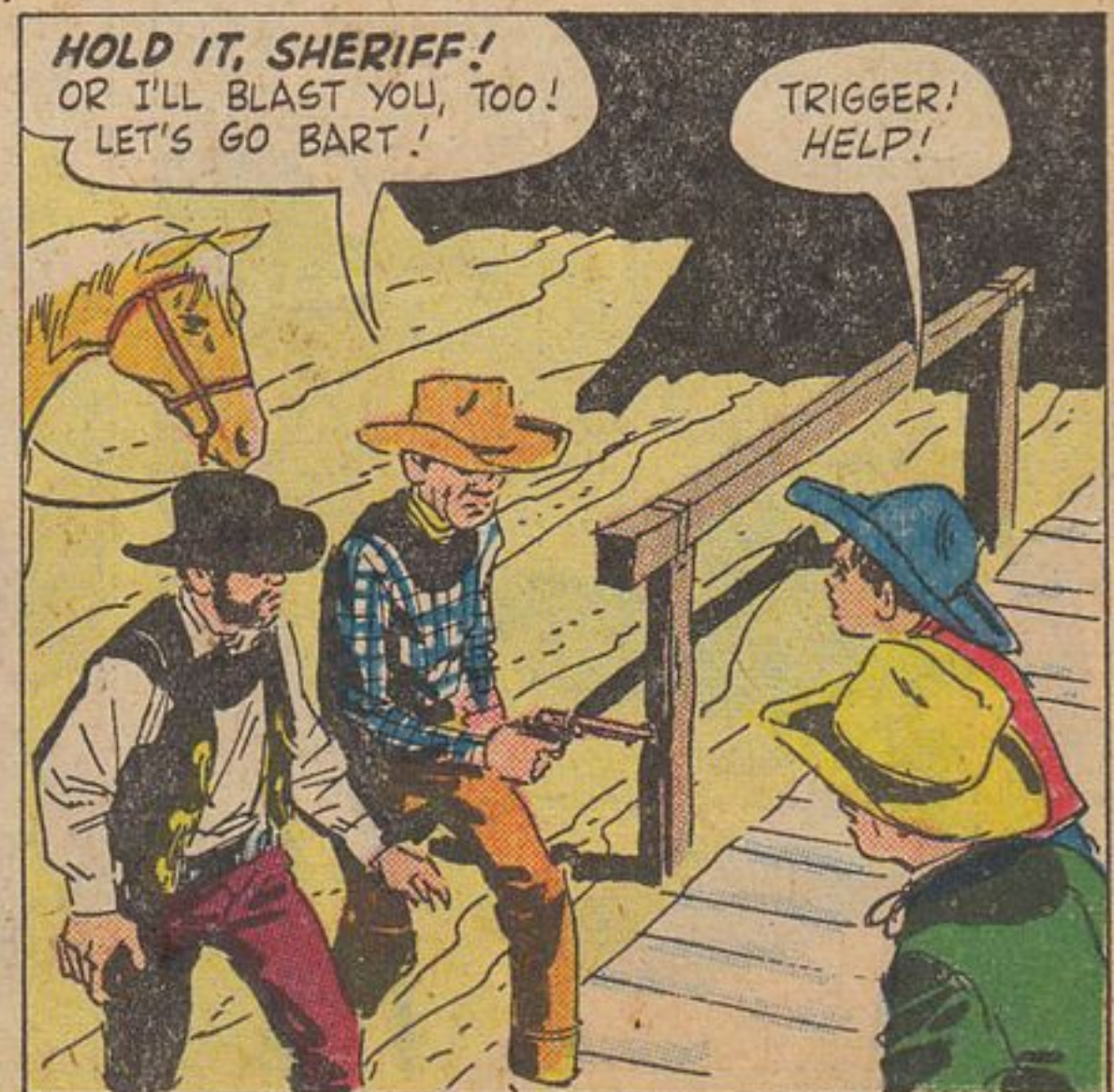
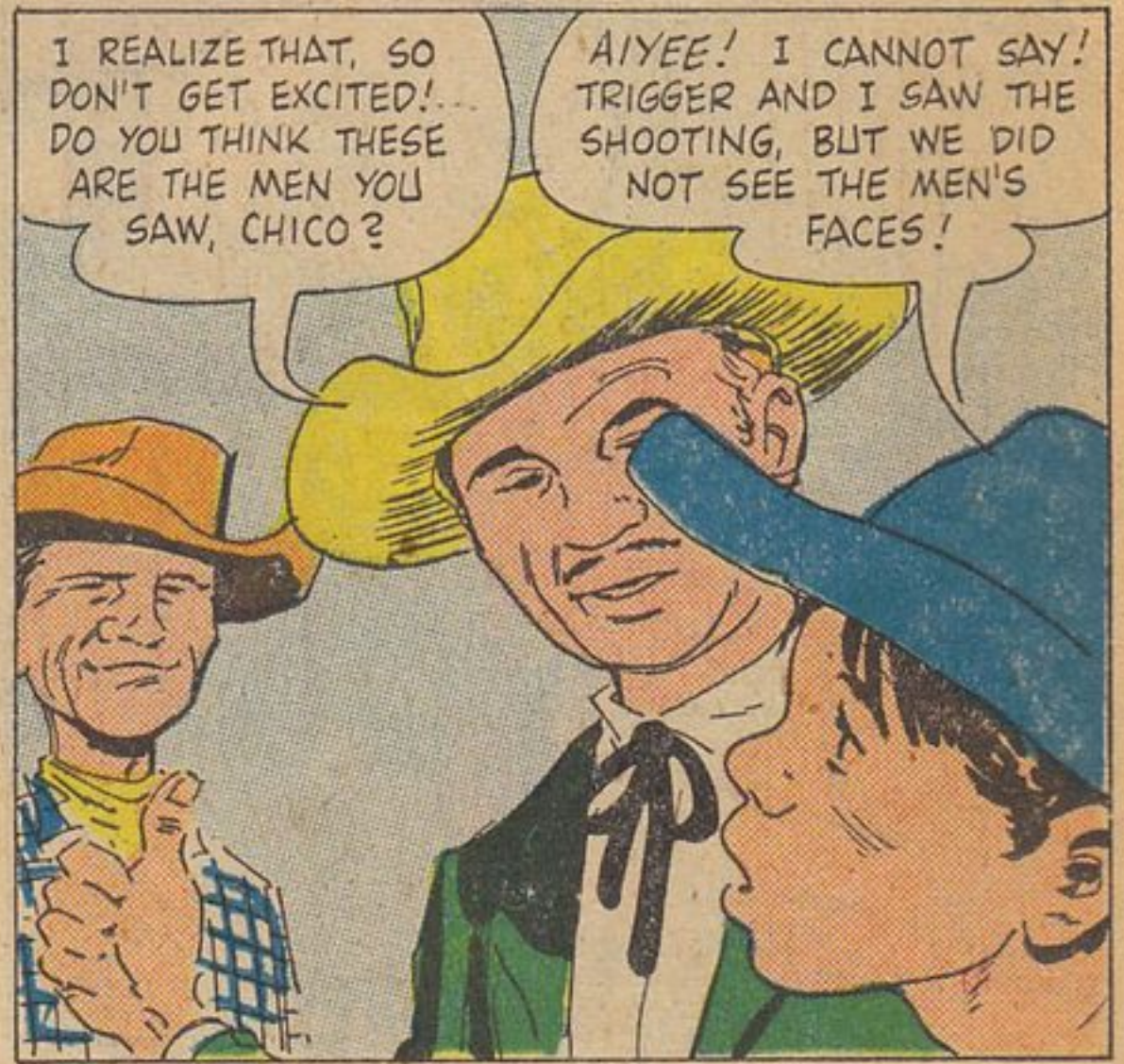
AS TRIGGER AND CHICO RACE TO THE SCENE...

WE'LL RIDE INTO TOWN AND
FILE THE CLAIM... THEN COME
BACK AND GET RID OF
THE OLD GEEZER!

WE CANNOT CHASE
THEM, TRIGGER! WE MUST
SEE IF WE CAN HELP
OLD JAKE!

HE STILL BREATHES, TRIGGER...
BUT IS BADLY HURT! WE MUST
HURRY INTO TOWN AND GET
THE SHERIFF... AND A
DOCTOR!







CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

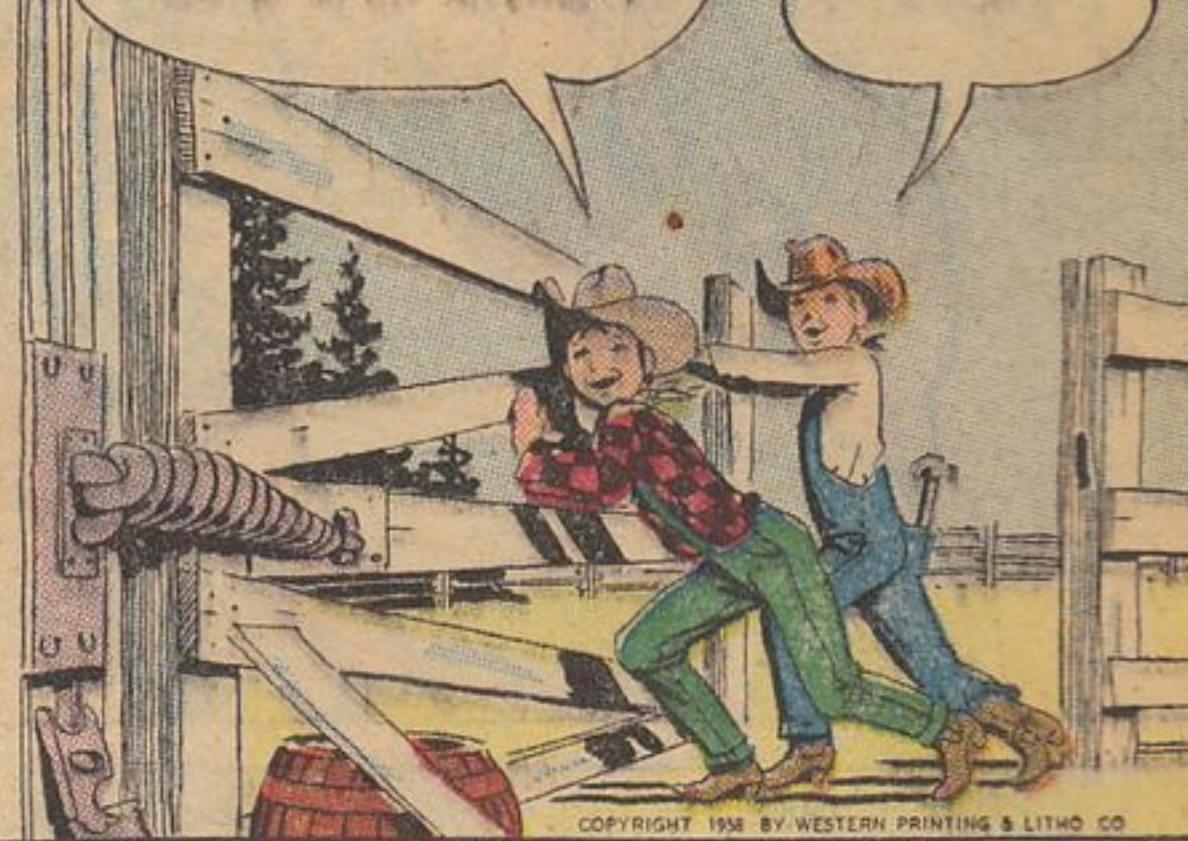


"**J**OE HIGGINS, A COLORADO RANCHER, HAD TWO SONS... THEY WERE GOOD BOYS, ALWAYS TRYING TO HELP THEIR DAD. SO ONE DAY WHEN JOE AND HIS WIFE WERE IN TOWN...

"...THE BOYS STARTED A LITTLE REPAIR JOB ON THE CORRAL GATE..."

BOY, THAT SPRING IS STRONG! PA WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE STOCK PUSHING THIS GATE OPEN ANYMORE!

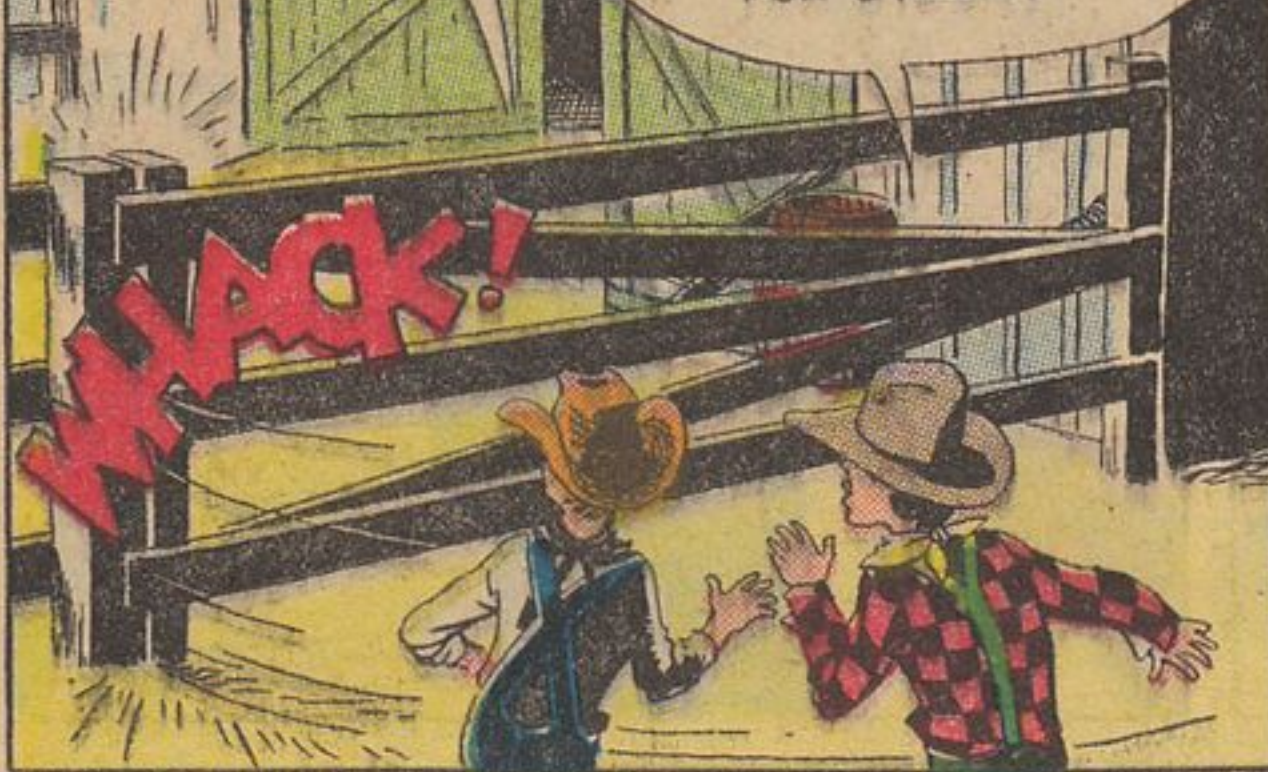
YOU BET! HE'LL BE REAL PROUD OF THIS INVENTION! LET'S TRY IT ONCE!



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YOWIE! LOOK AT IT WORK!

MAYBE THAT SPRING'S A LITTLE TOO STRONG FOR BOYS — BUT IT'S SURE STRONG ENOUGH FOR STOCK!



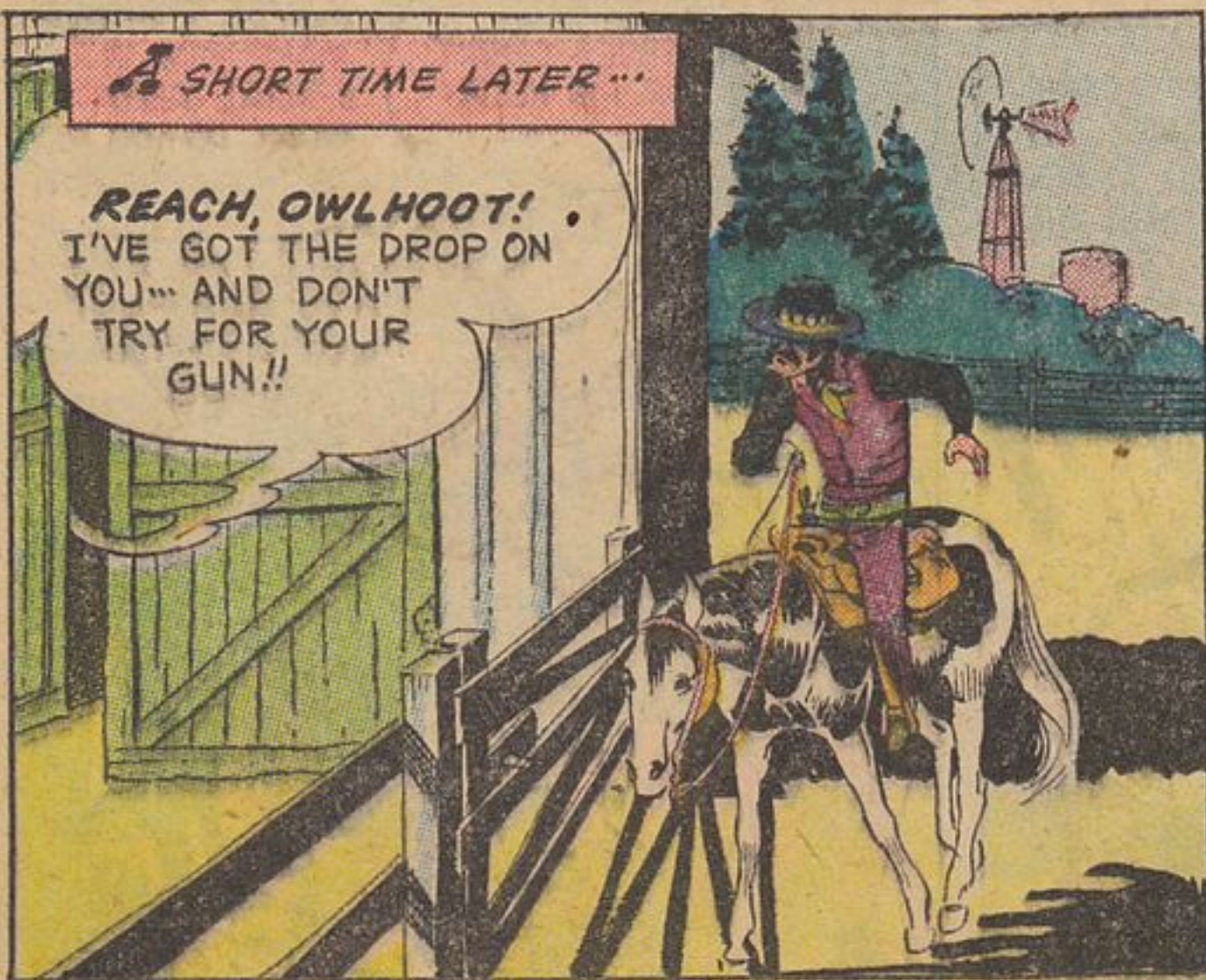
NOW THAT WE'VE FINISHED OUR WORK, LET'S PLAY SHERIFF AND BAD MAN FOR A WHILE!

SWELL! YOU BE THE BAD MAN—IT'S MY TURN TO BE SHERIFF!

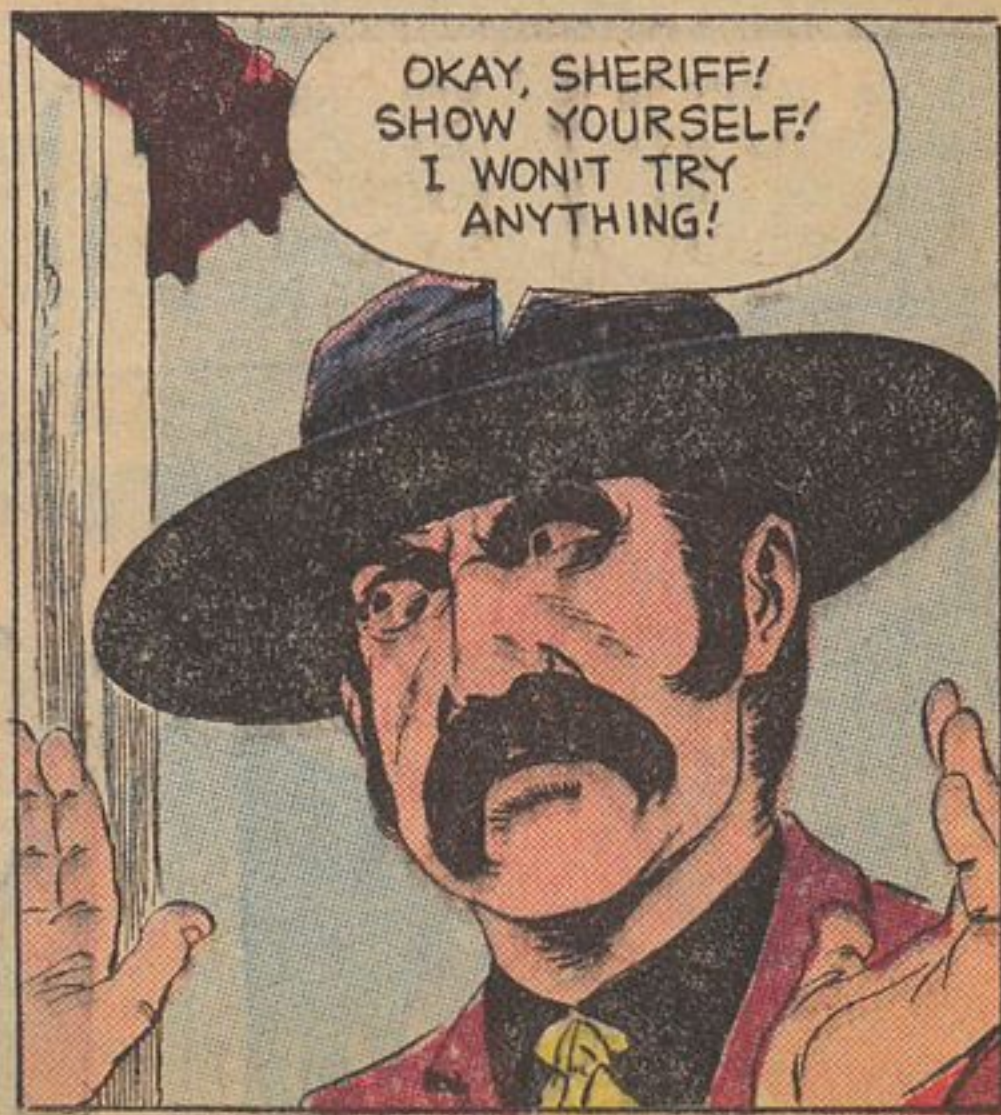


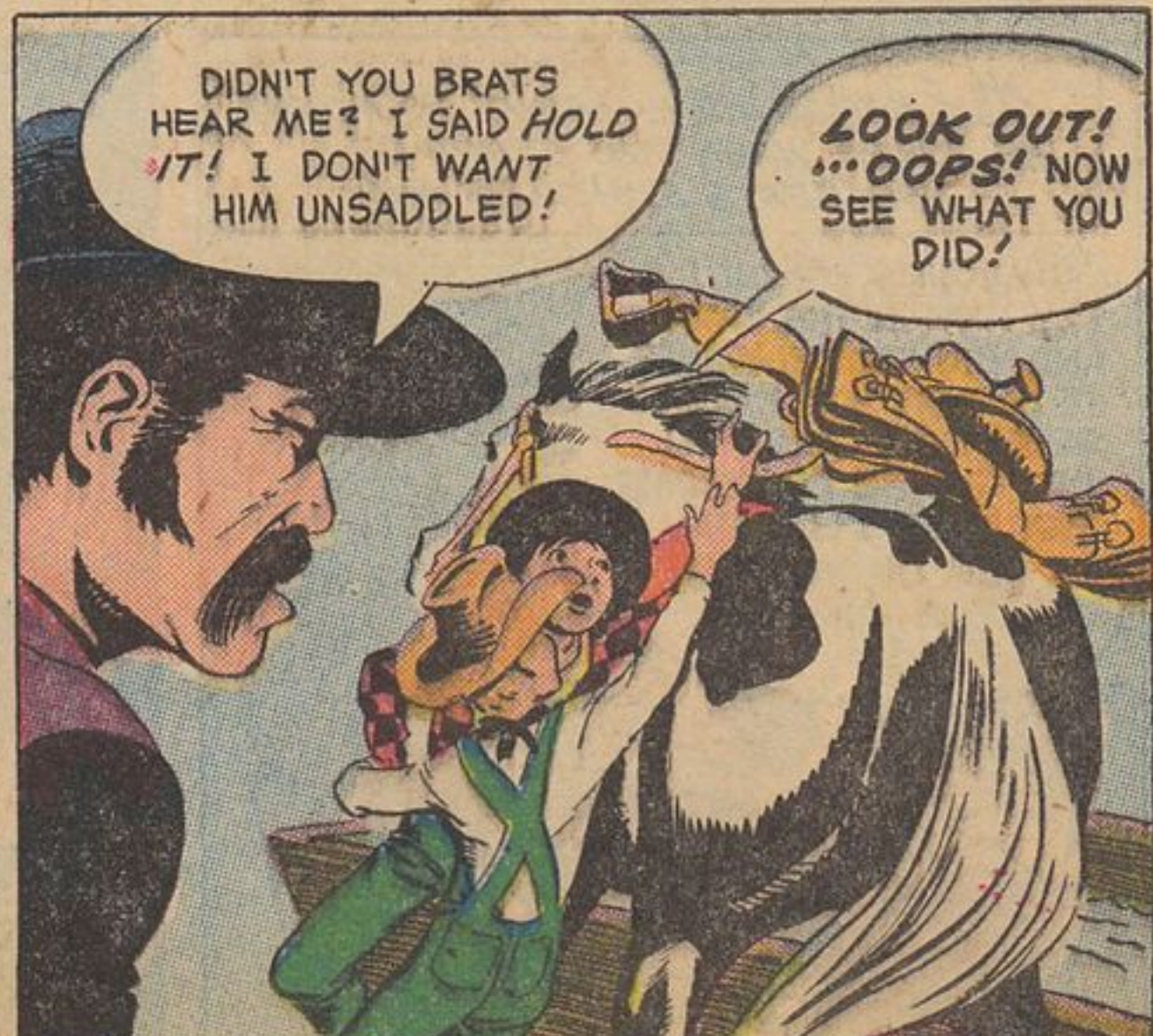
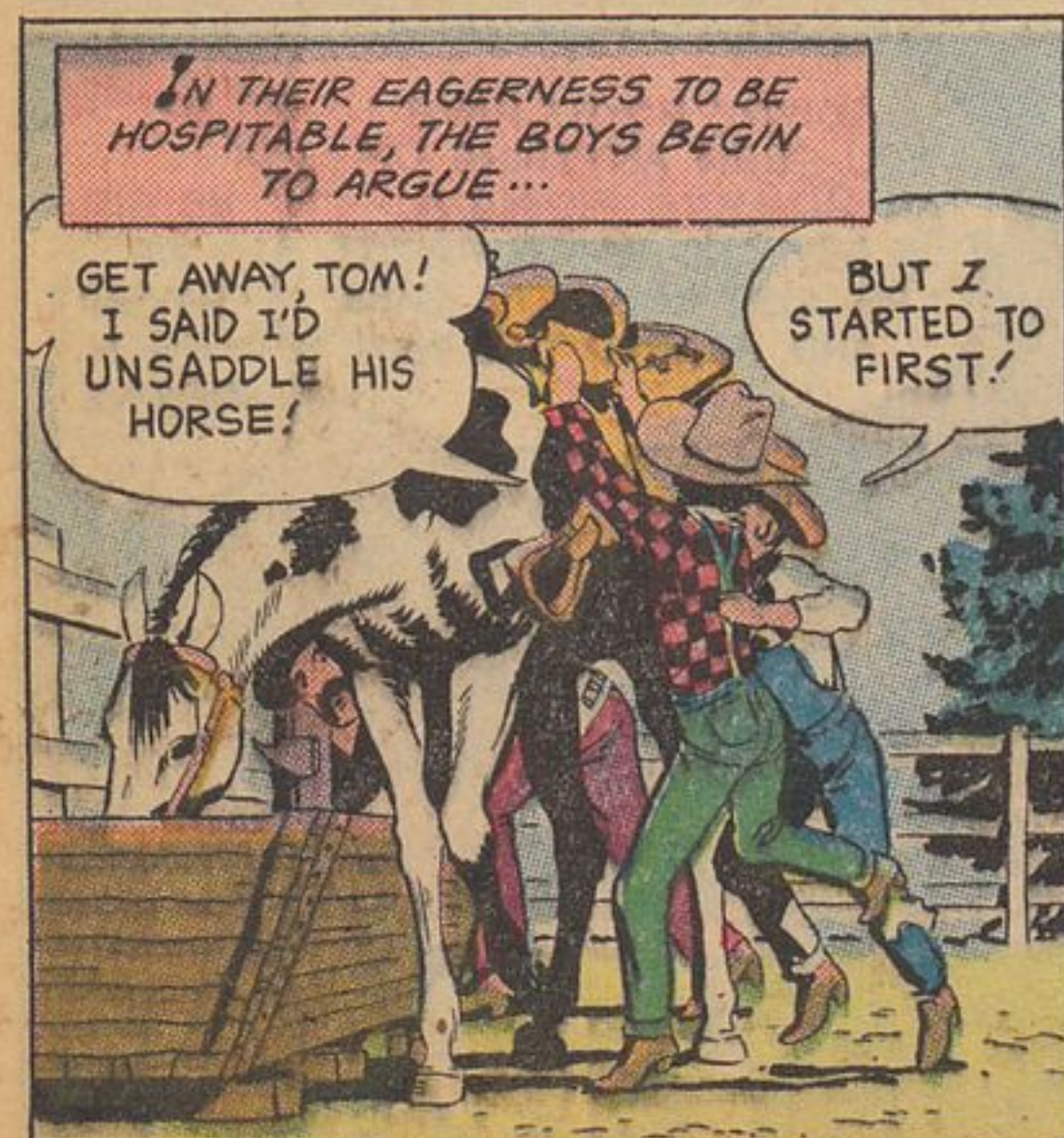
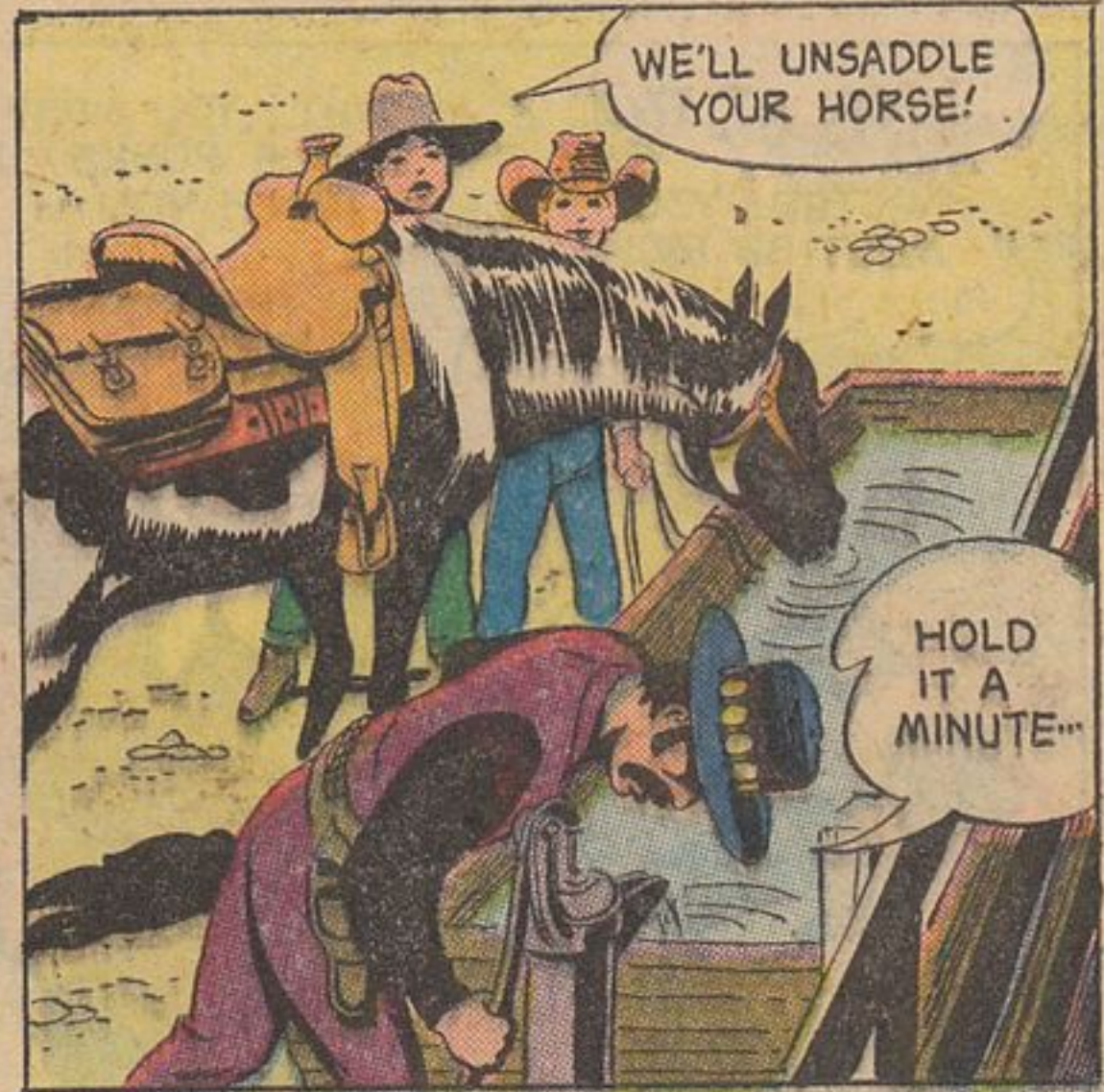
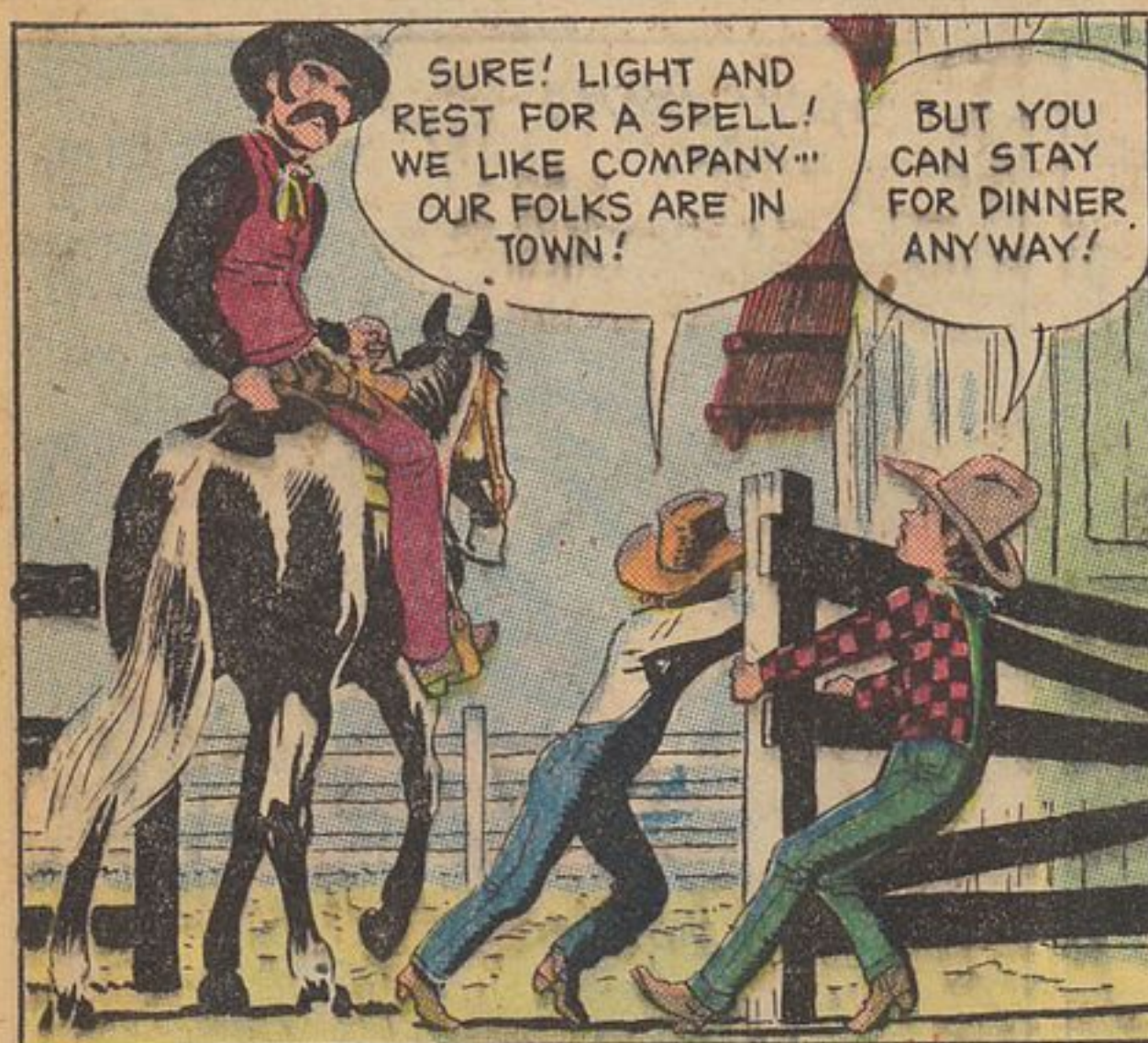
A SHORT TIME LATER...

REACH, OWLHOOT! I'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU... AND DON'T TRY FOR YOUR GUN!!

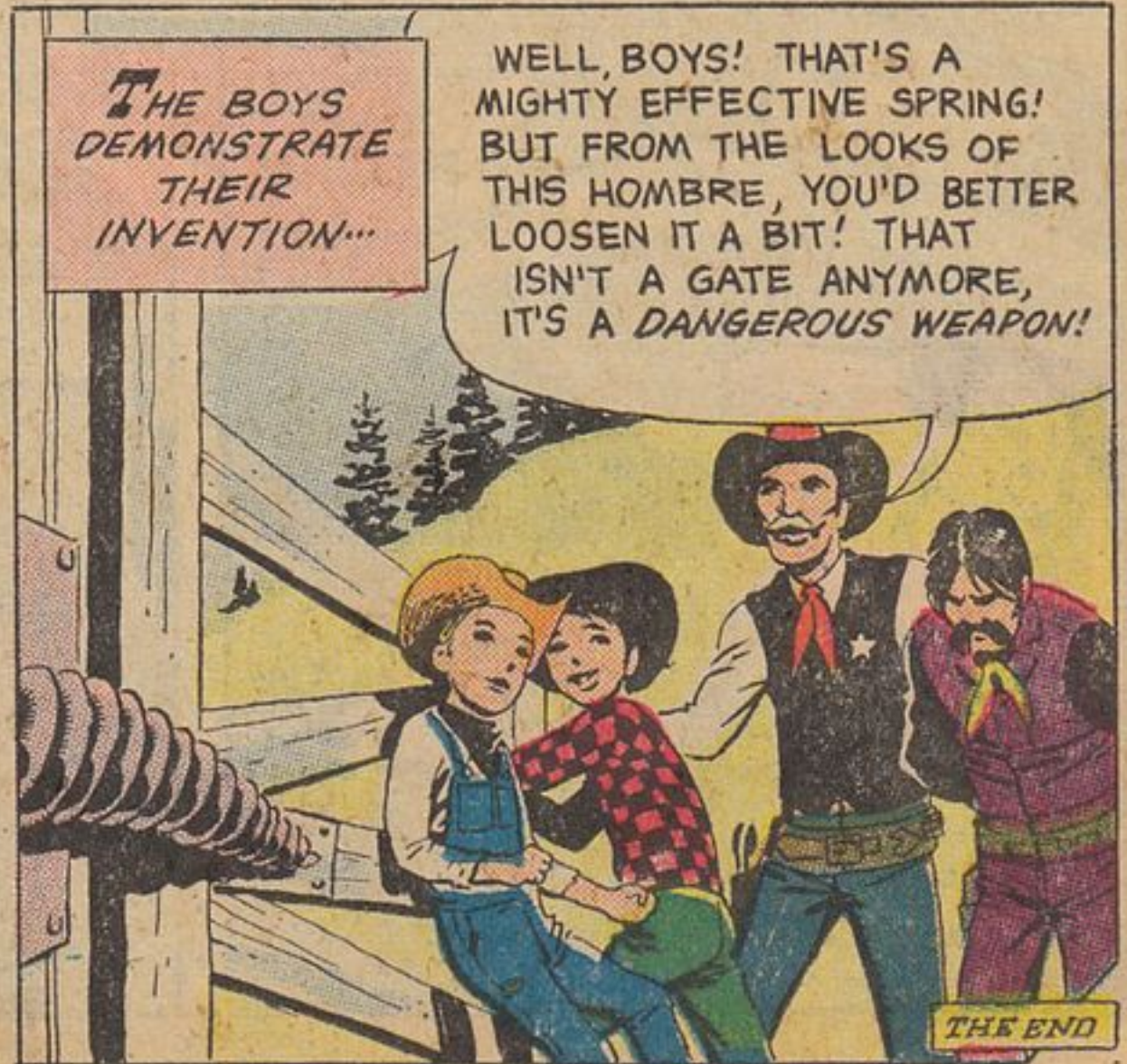
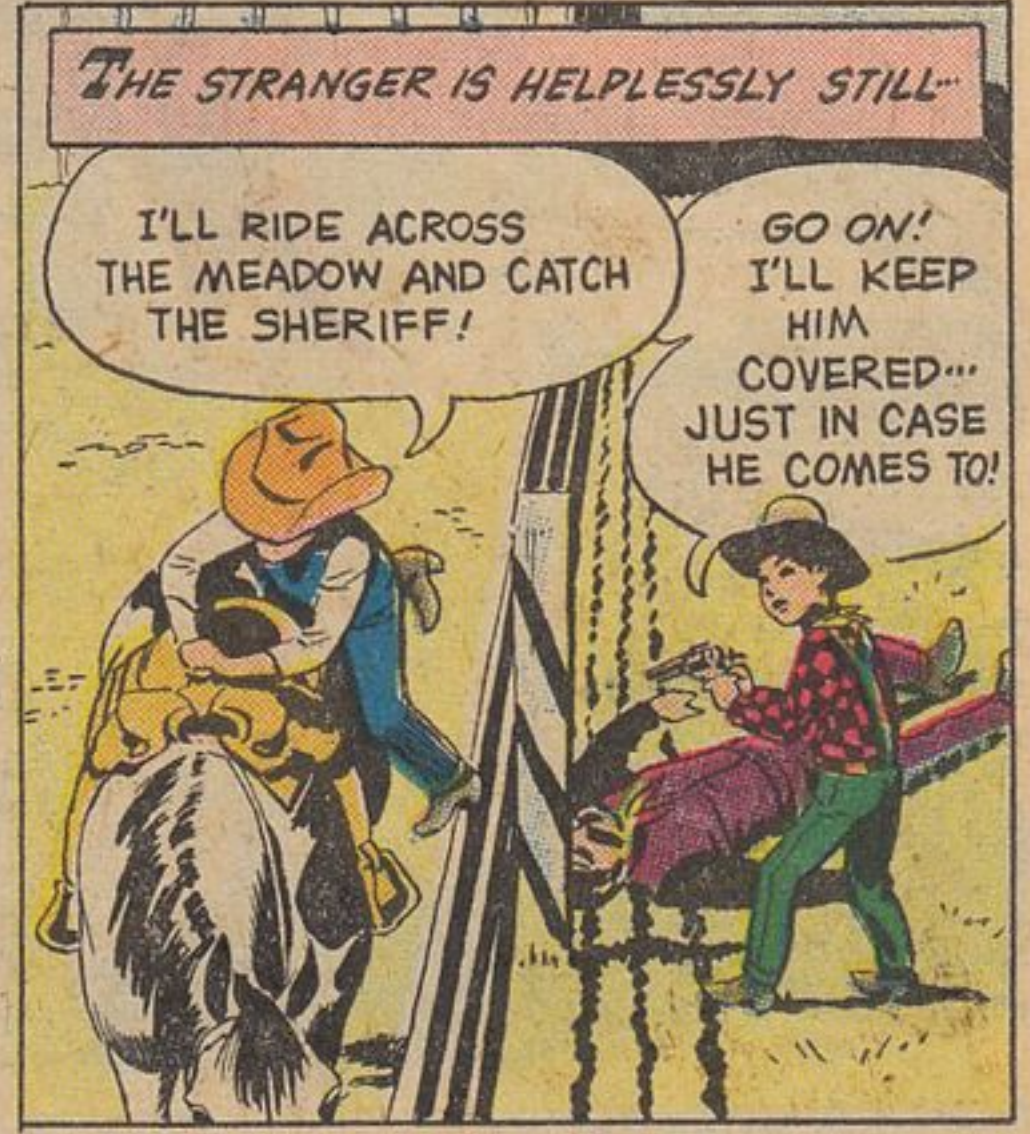
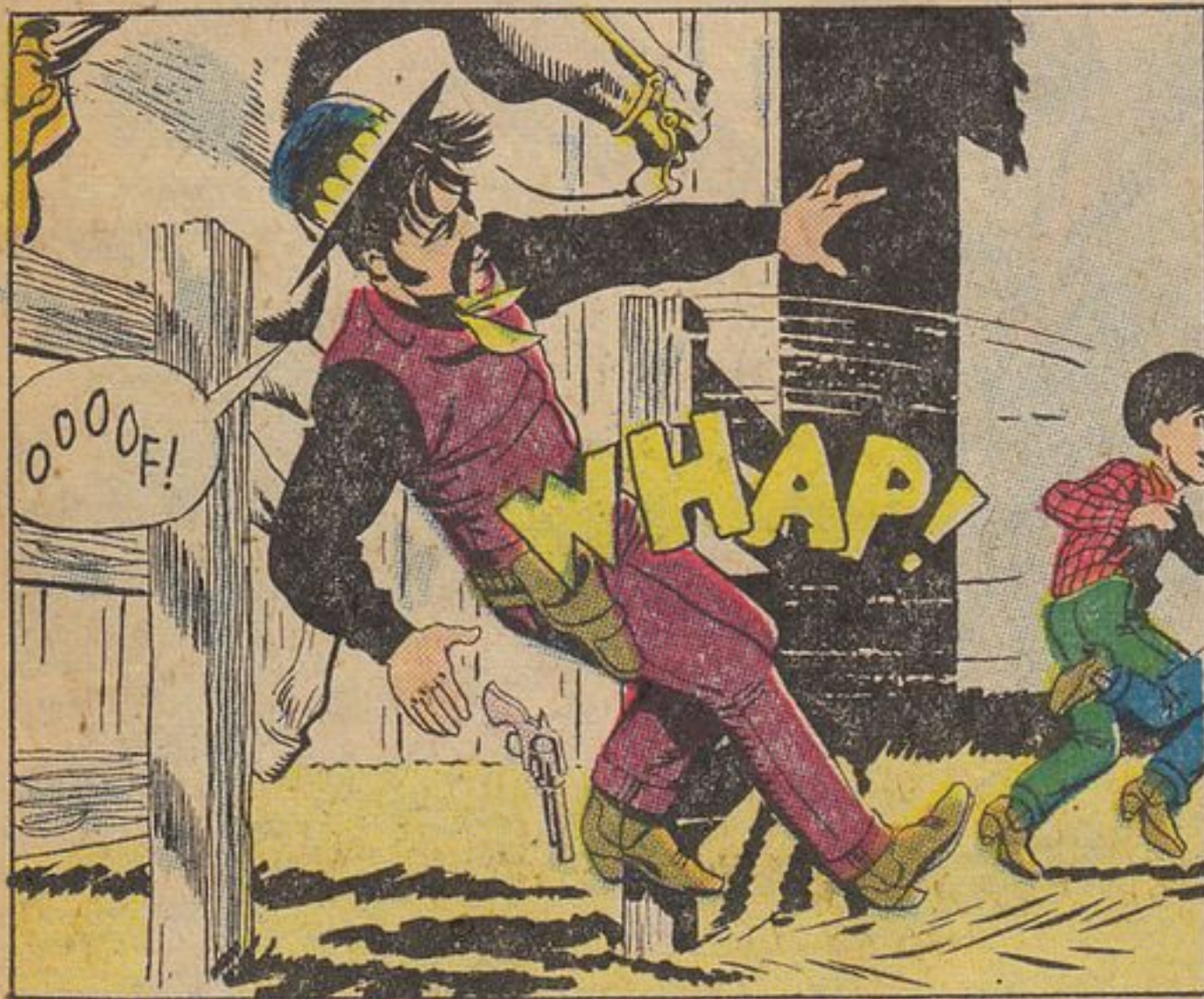
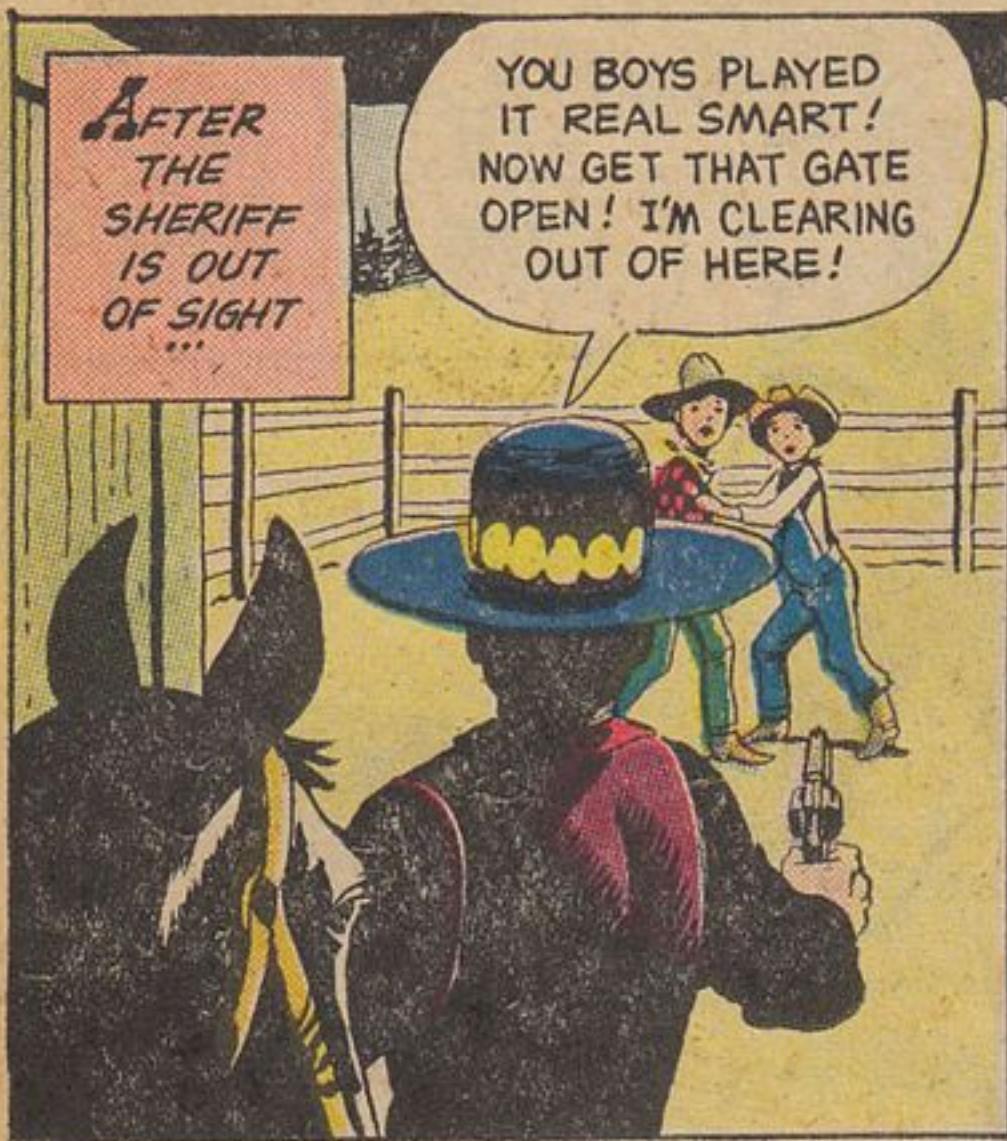


OKAY, SHERIFF! SHOW YOURSELF! I WON'T TRY ANYTHING!



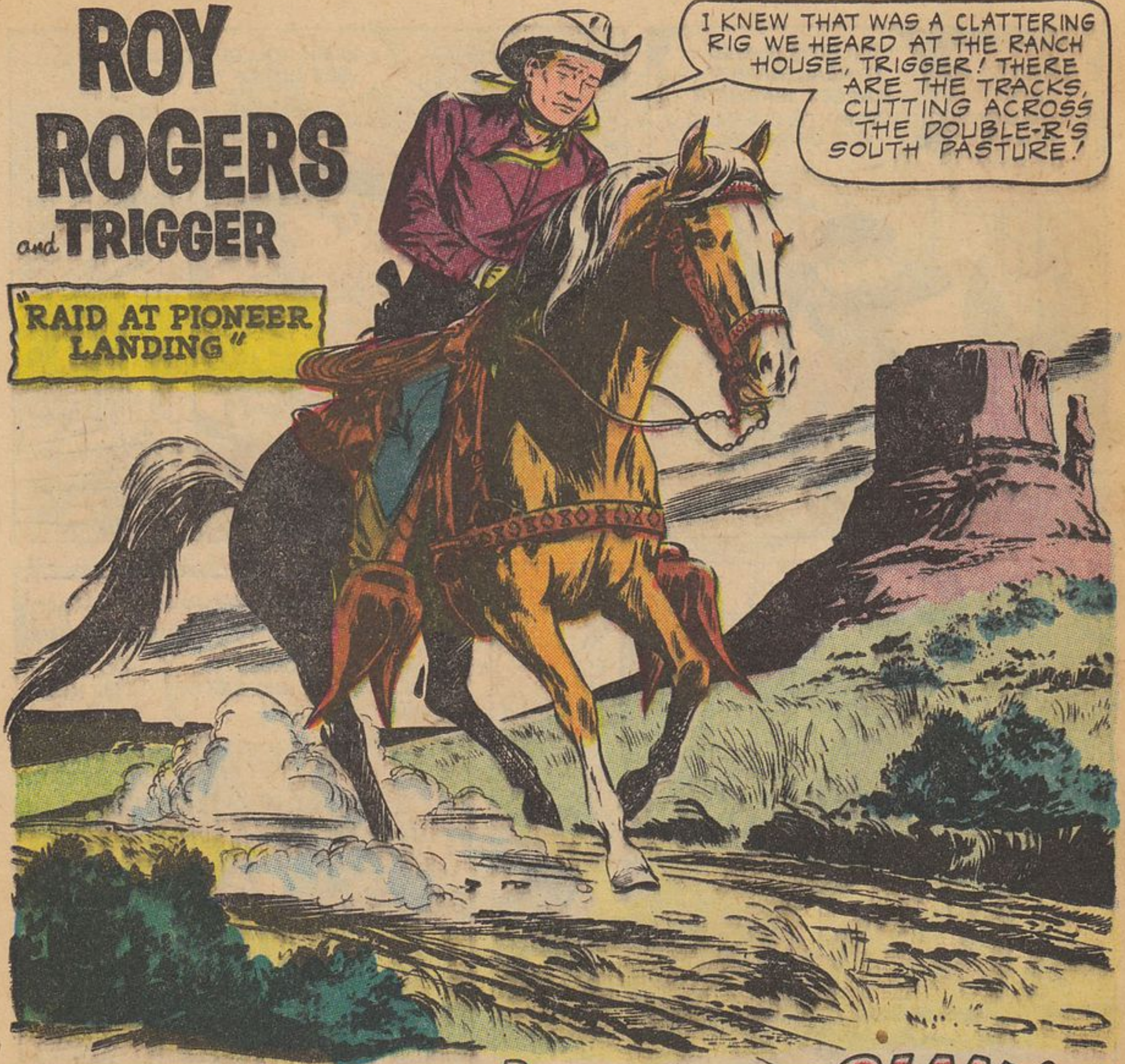




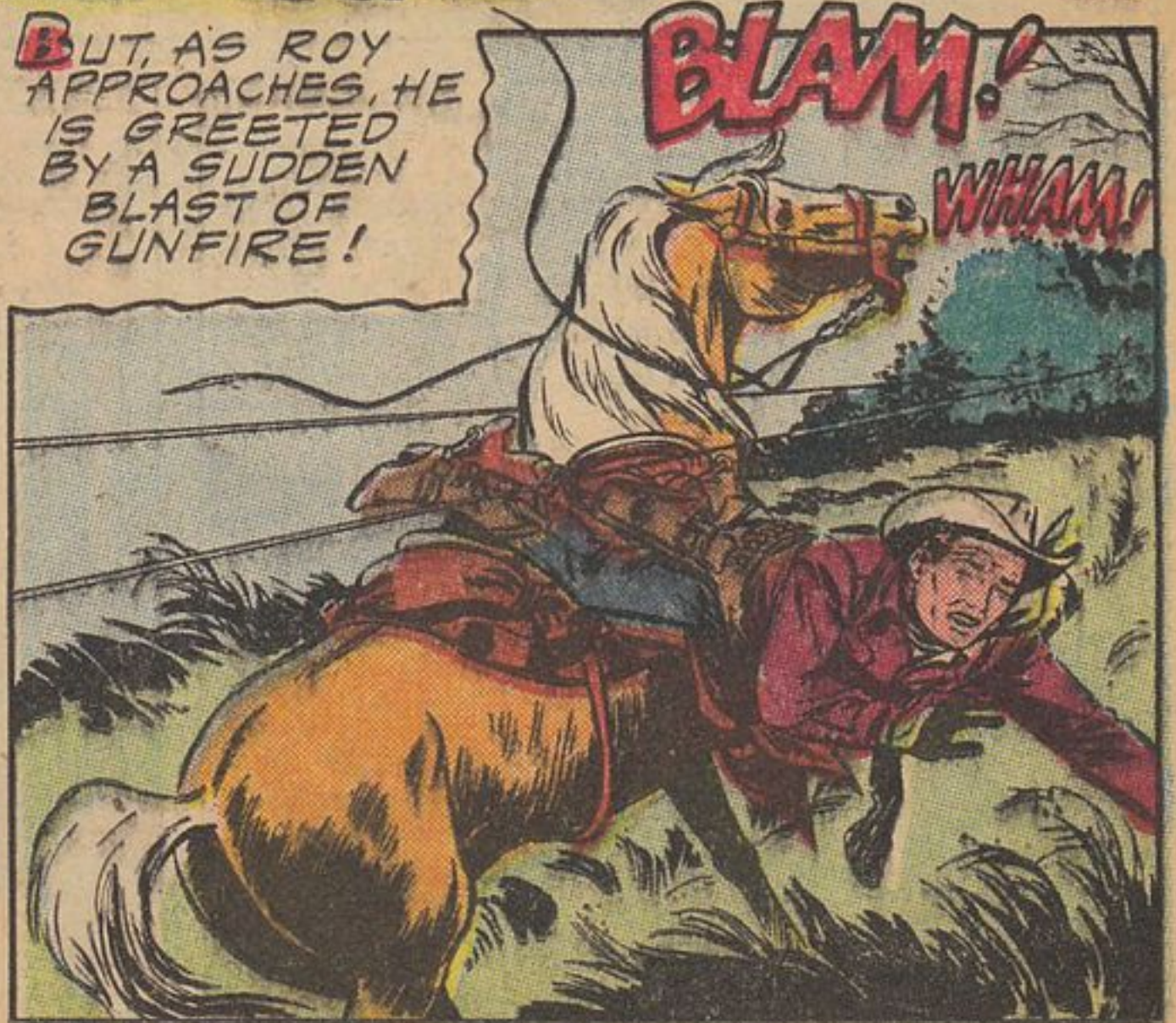


ROY ROGERS and TRIGGER

"RAID AT PIONEER
LANDING"

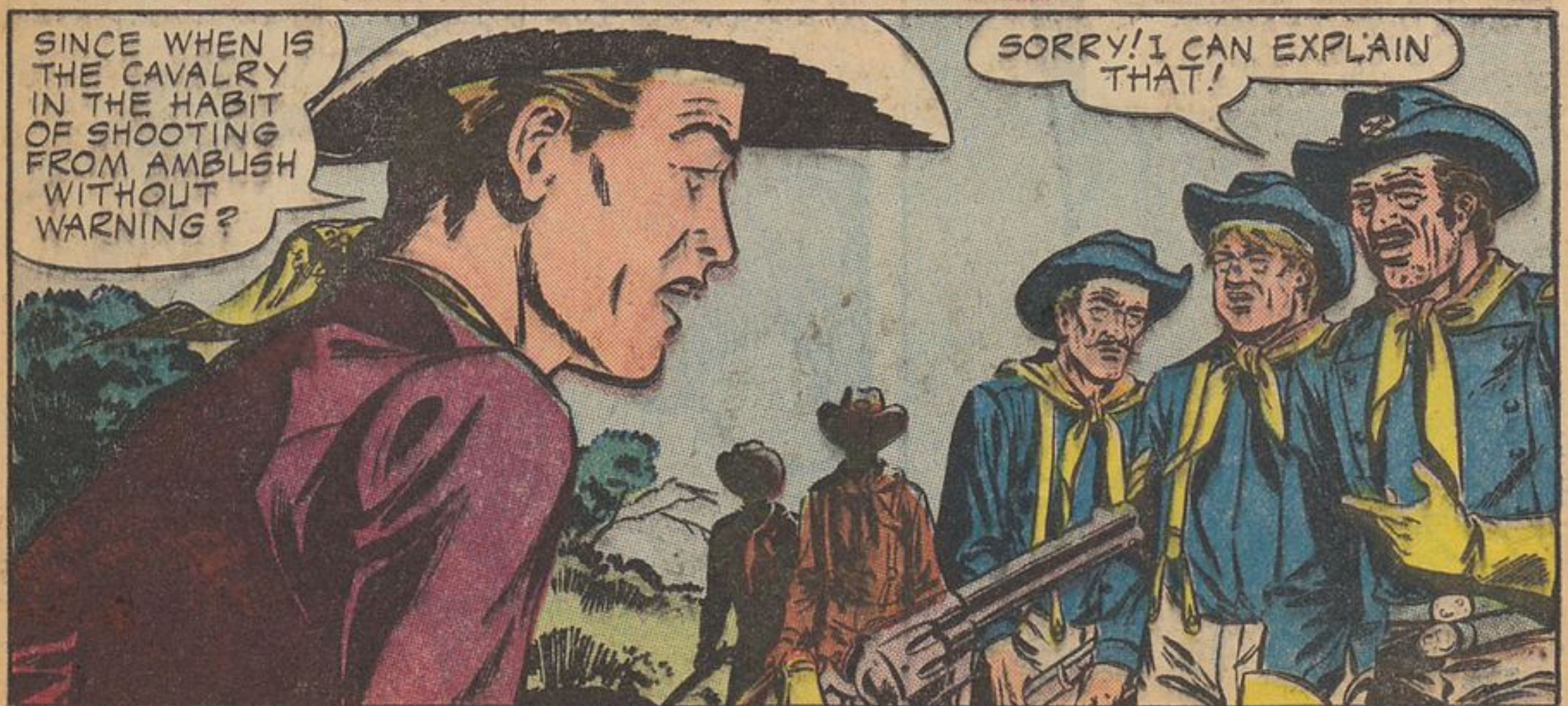


BUT, AS ROY APPROACHES, HE IS GREETED BY A SUDDEN BLAST OF GUNFIRE!





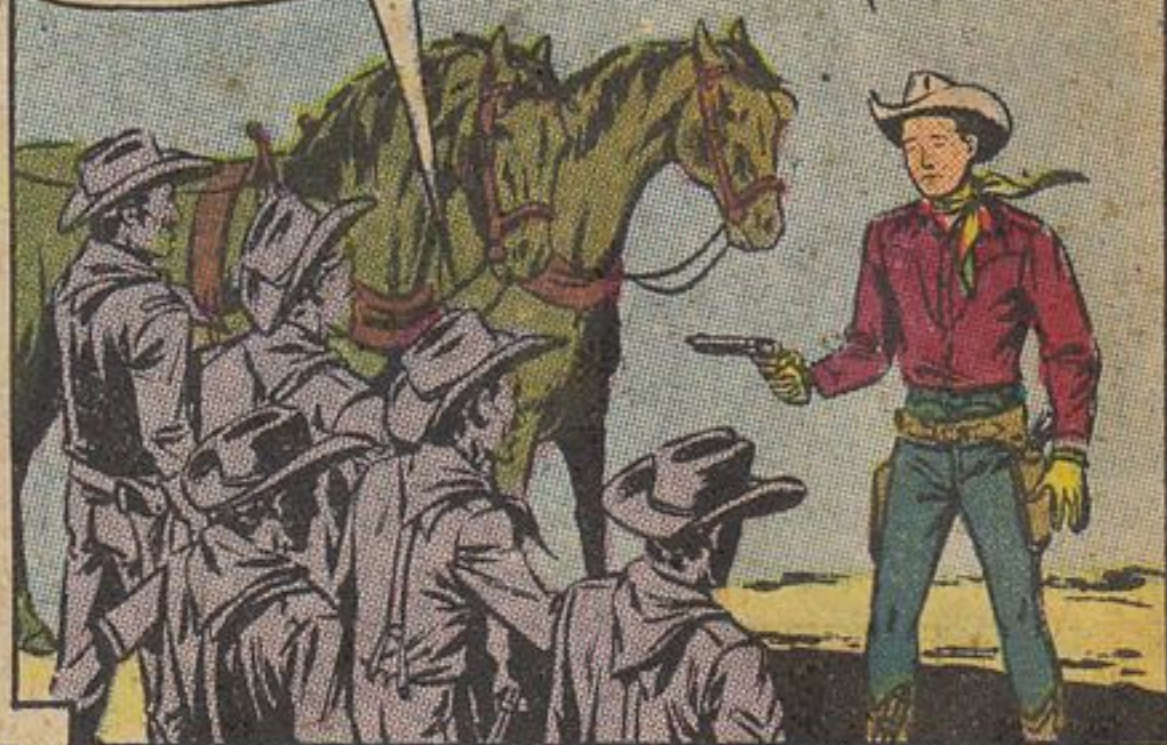
LIKE A SILENT SHADOW, ROY CREEPS THROUGH THE TALL GRASS, CIRCLING BEHIND THE BRUSH CLUMP..



I'M LIEUTENANT STRONG! MY DETAIL AND I ARE ON A SPECIAL MISSION FROM FORT LOGAN! WE DROVE OFF A PARTY OF BUSHWHACKERS SOMEWHERE ALONG THE TRAIL AND HOLED UP HERE, IN CASE WE WERE BEING FOLLOWED!

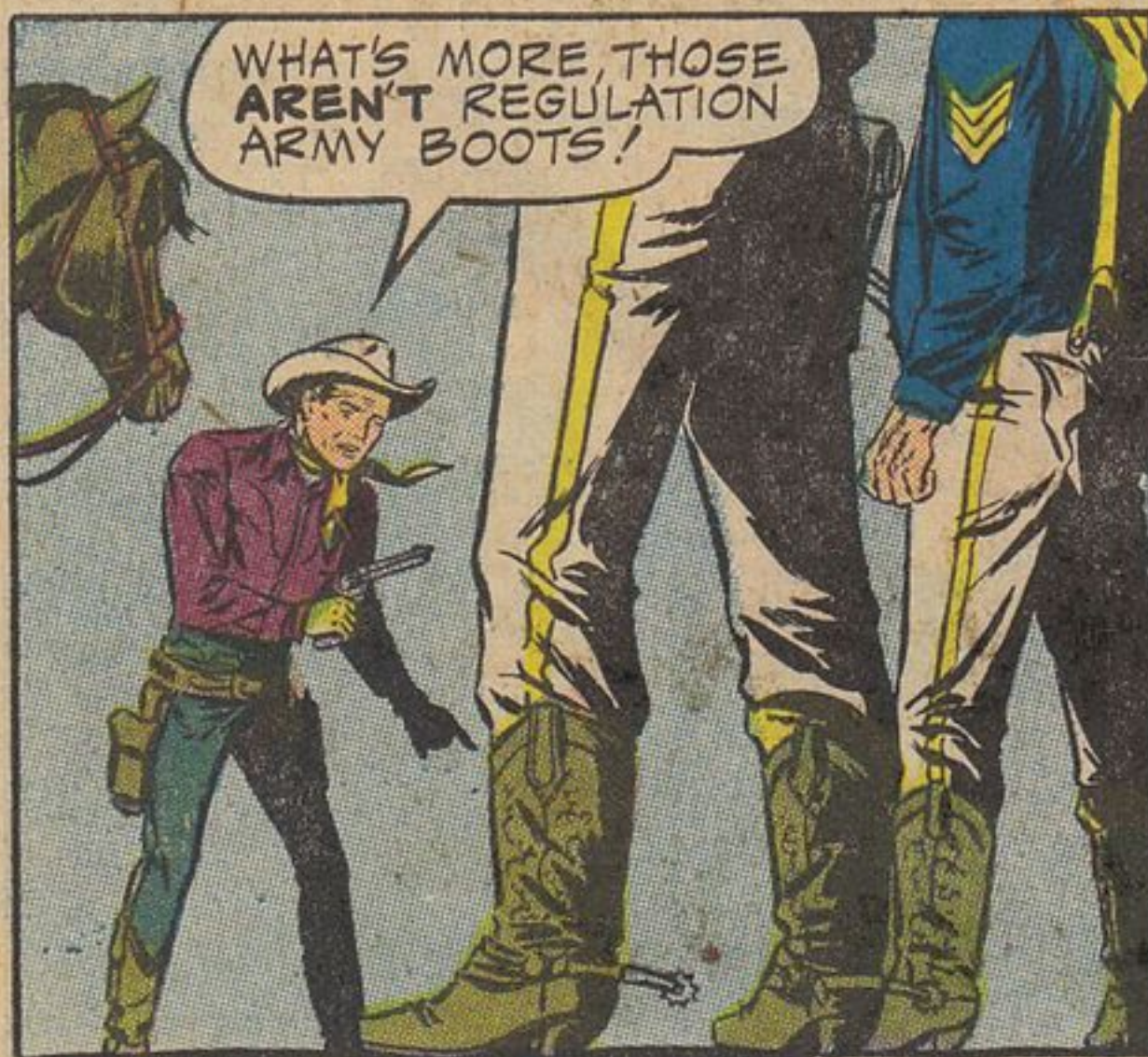
WE SPOTTED YOU APPROACHING AND FIGURED YOU WERE ONE OF 'EM! I GUESS WE MADE A MISTAKE!

A **BIG** MISTAKE! NO CAVALRYMAN WOULD FIRE ON A CIVILIAN WITHOUT FIRST CHALLENGING HIM!



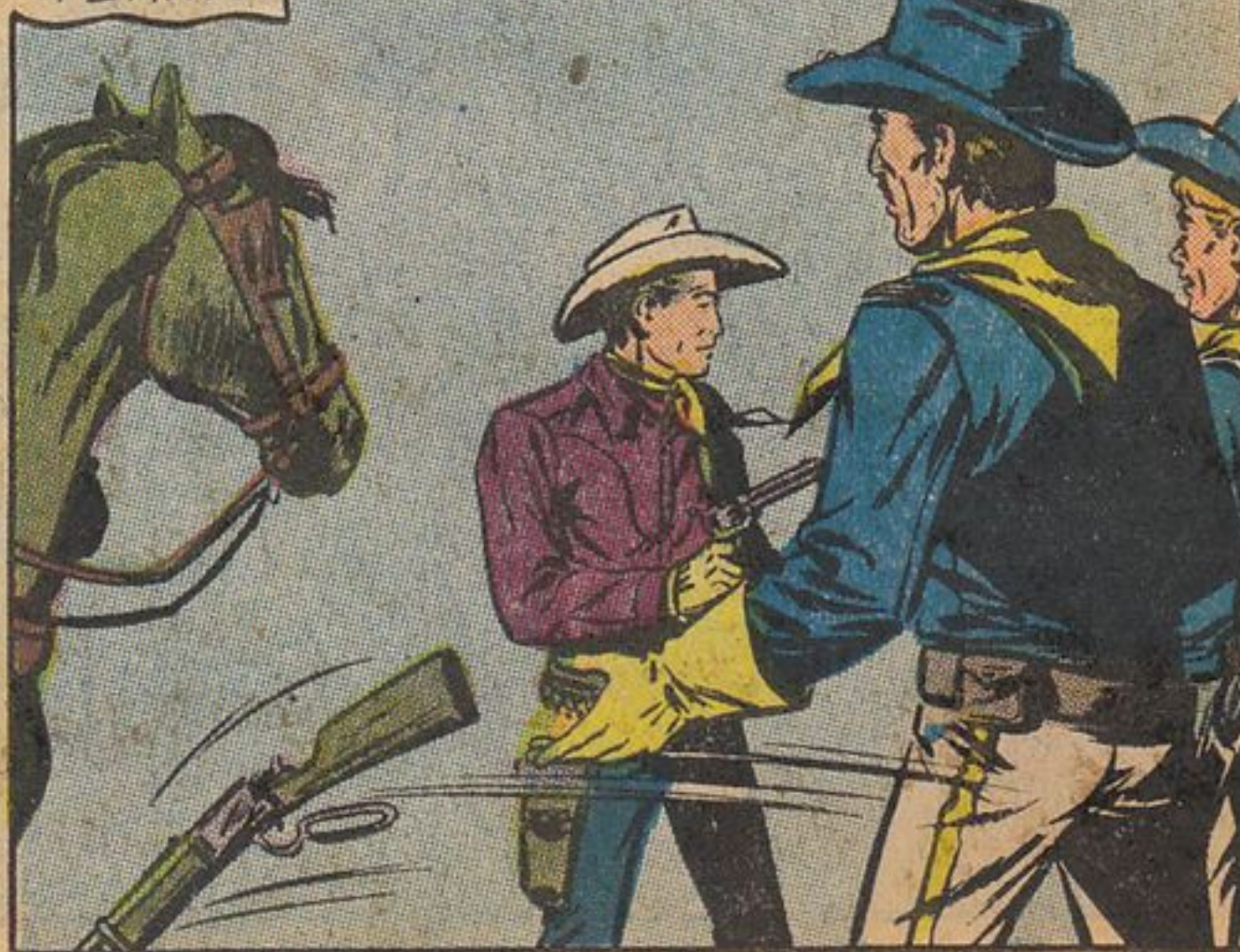
WHAT'S MORE, THOSE **AREN'T** REGULATION ARMY BOOTS!

YOU'RE NOT REAL SOLDIERS! YOU'RE **IMPOSTERS!** DROP THOSE GUNS!

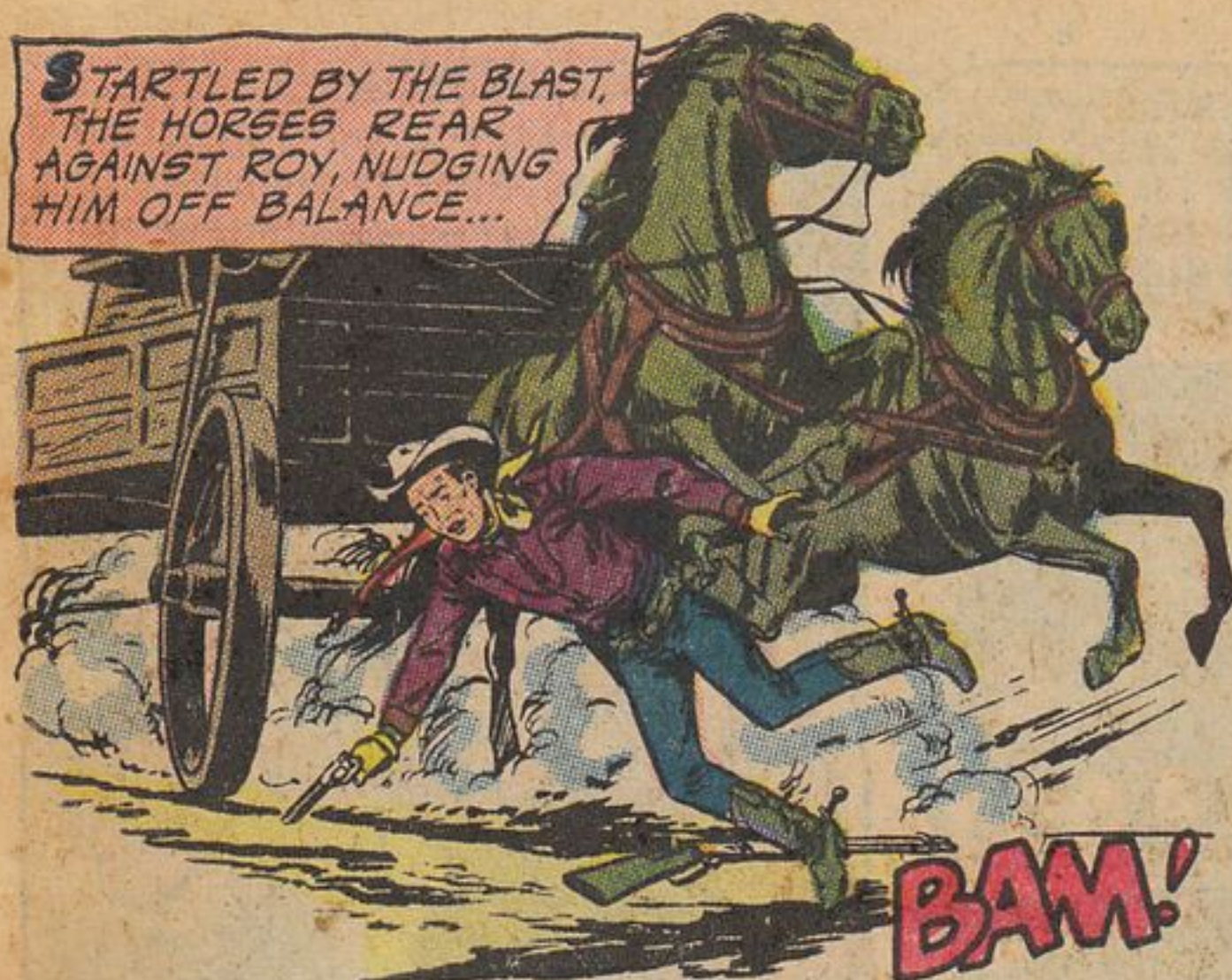


AS THE MEN UNEASILY OBEY, "LIEUTENANT STRONG" CAUTIOUSLY COCKS HIS RIFLE...

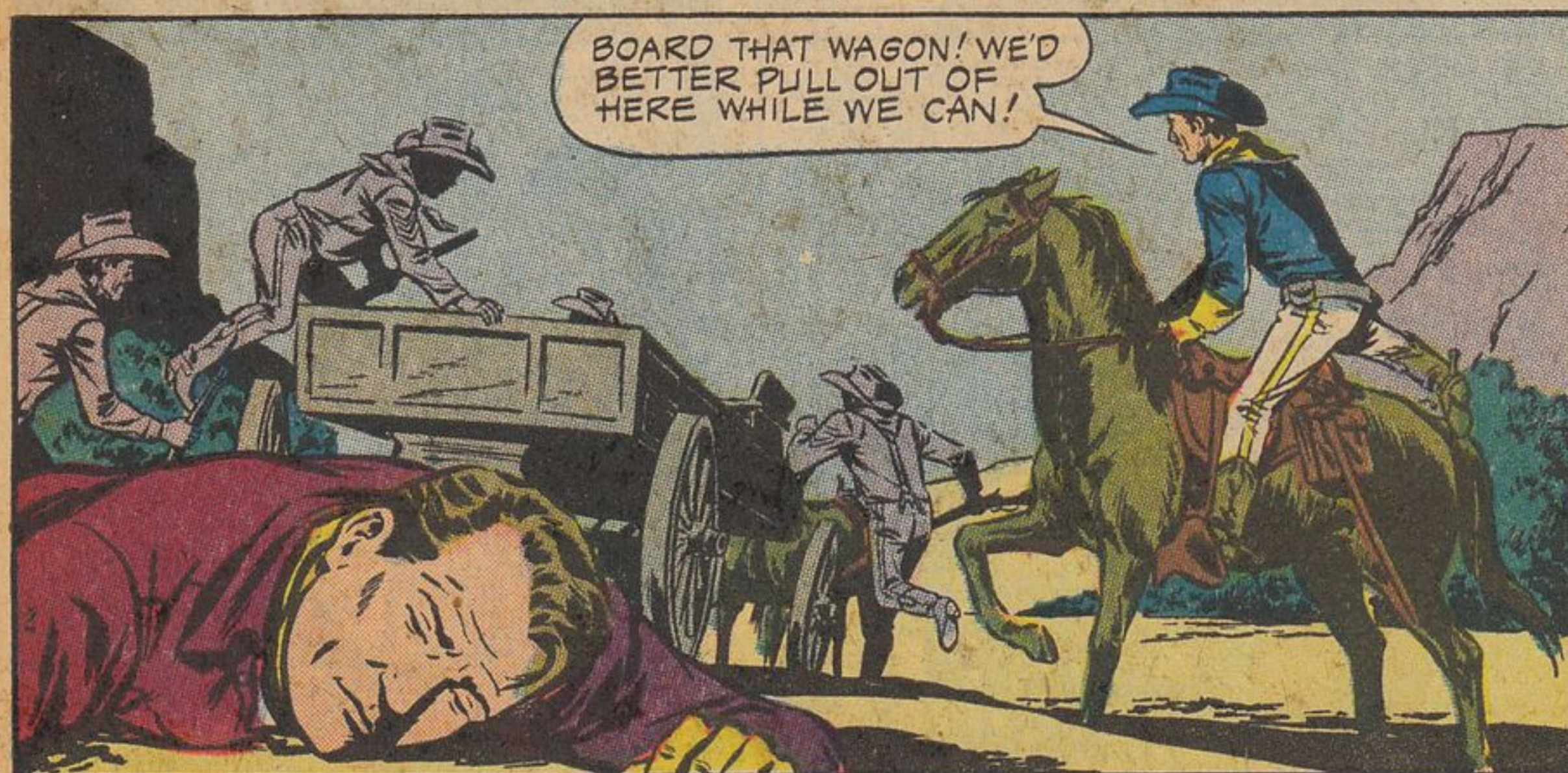
...AND TOSSES IT SQUARELY IN FRONT OF THE WAGON TEAM!

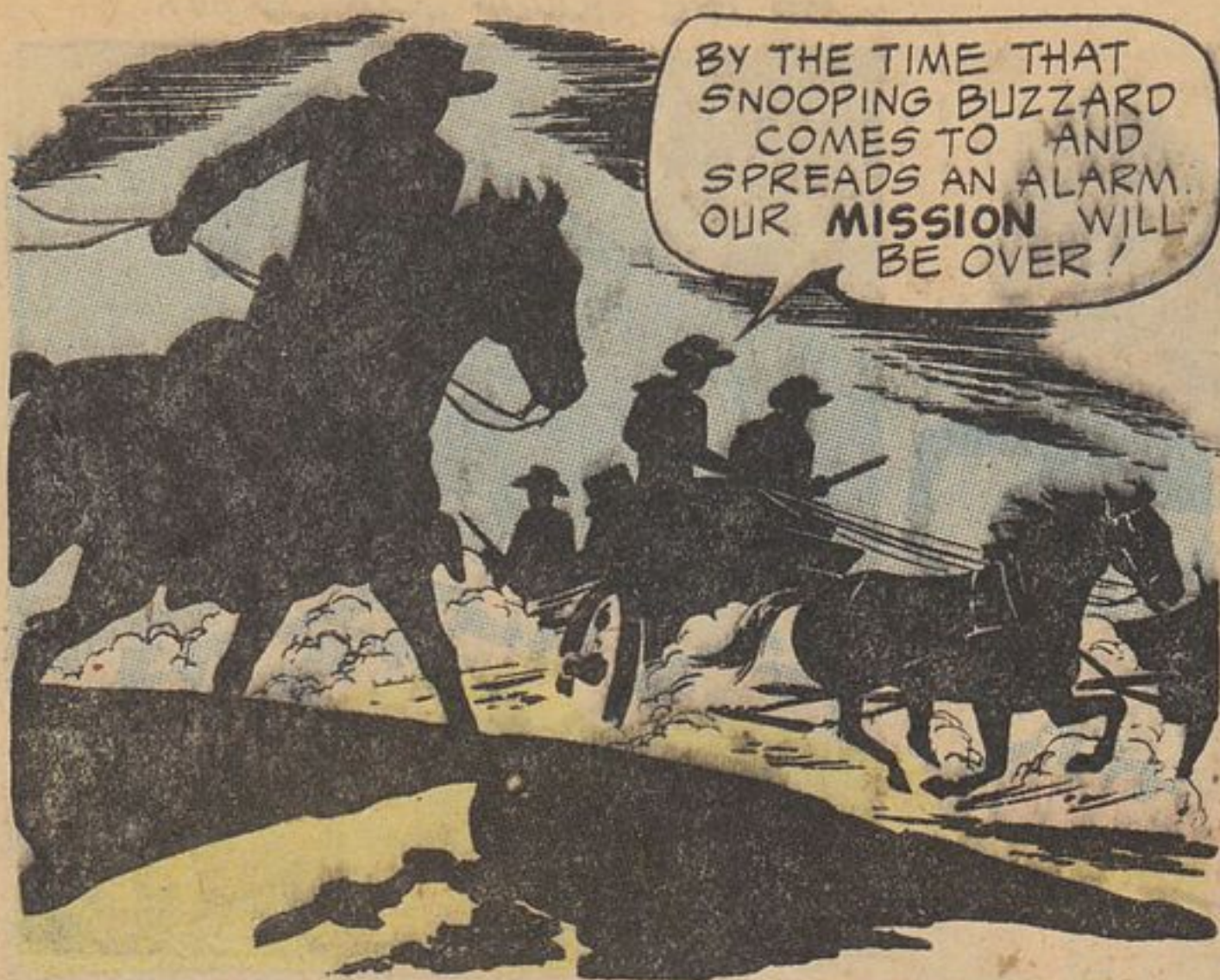


STARTLED BY THE BLAST,
THE HORSES REAR
AGAINST ROY, NUDGING
HIM OFF BALANCE...



...AS THE GROUP CLOSES IN!





BY THE TIME THAT
SNOOPING BUZZARD
COMES TO AND
SPREADS AN ALARM.
OUR **MISSION** WILL
BE OVER!



MEANWHILE, ROY SLOWLY
REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...



...AS FIVE EXHAUSTED FIGURES SUDDENLY
BURST THROUGH THE BRUSH!

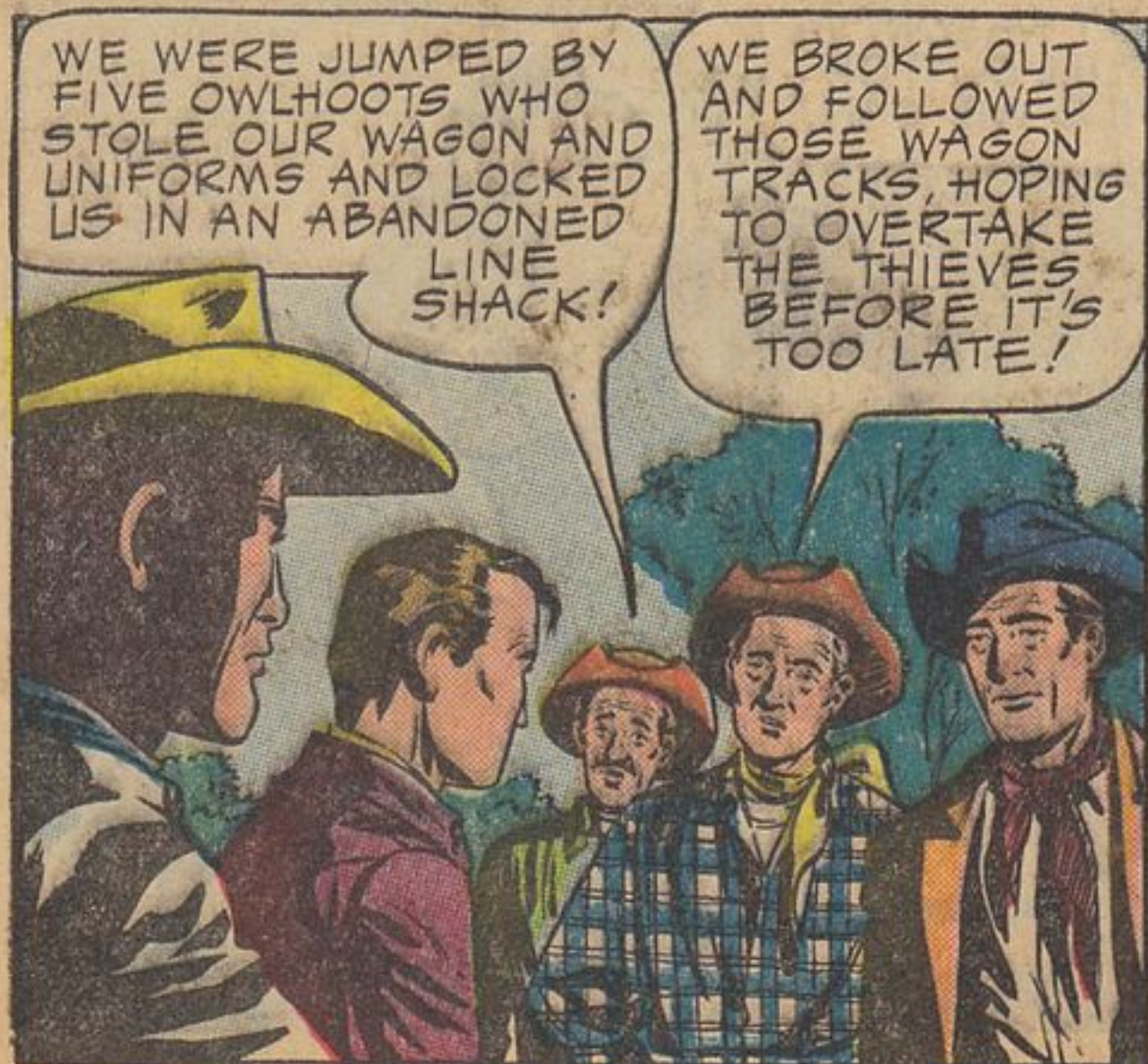
LOOKS LIKE HE'S
BEEN SLUGGED!

GET HIM ON
HIS FEET!



WHO
ARE
YOU?

SOLDIERS FROM
FORT LOGAN!



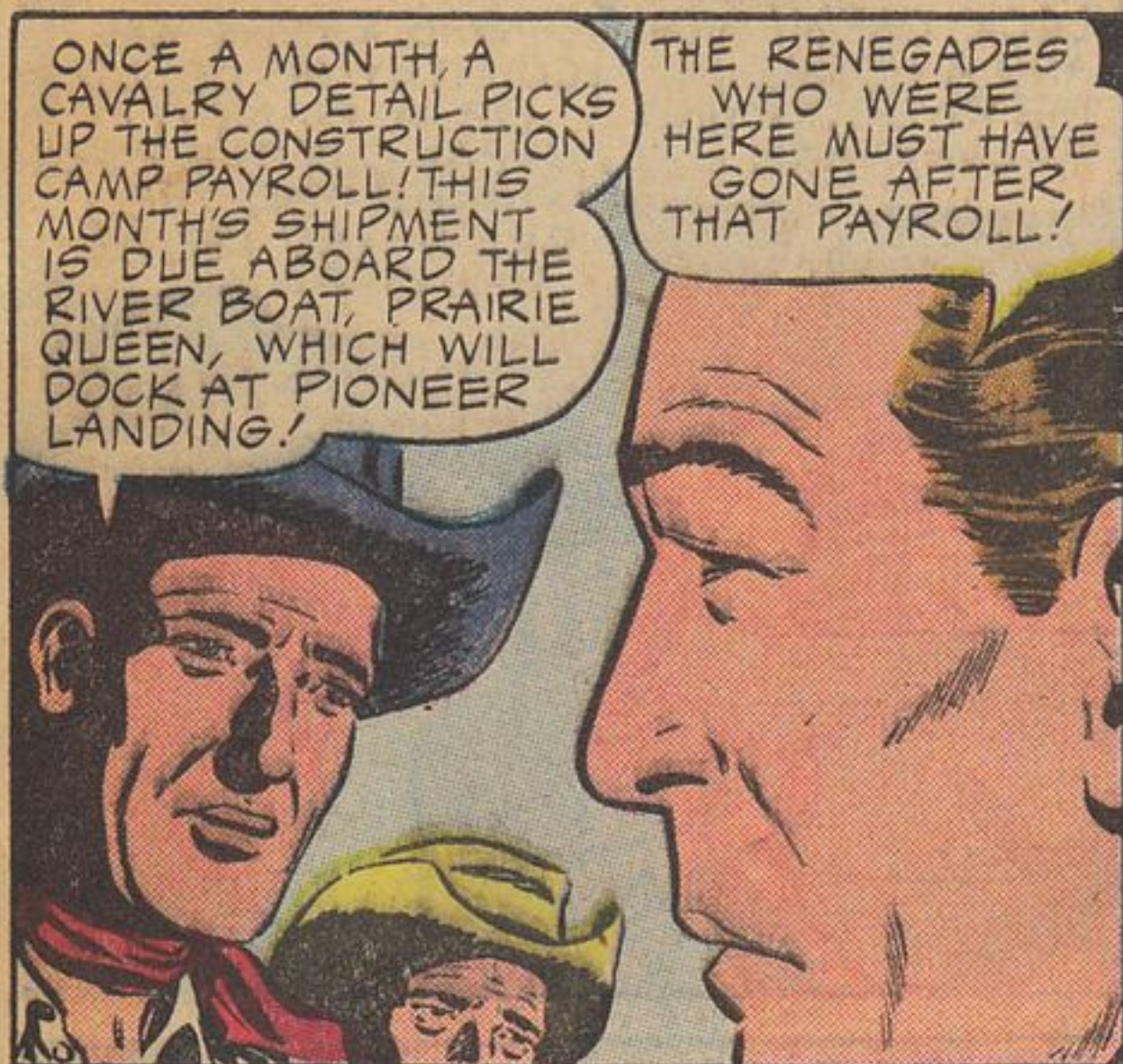
WE WERE JUMPED BY
FIVE OWLHOOTS WHO
STOLE OUR WAGON AND
UNIFORMS AND LOCKED
US IN AN ABANDONED
LINE
SHACK!

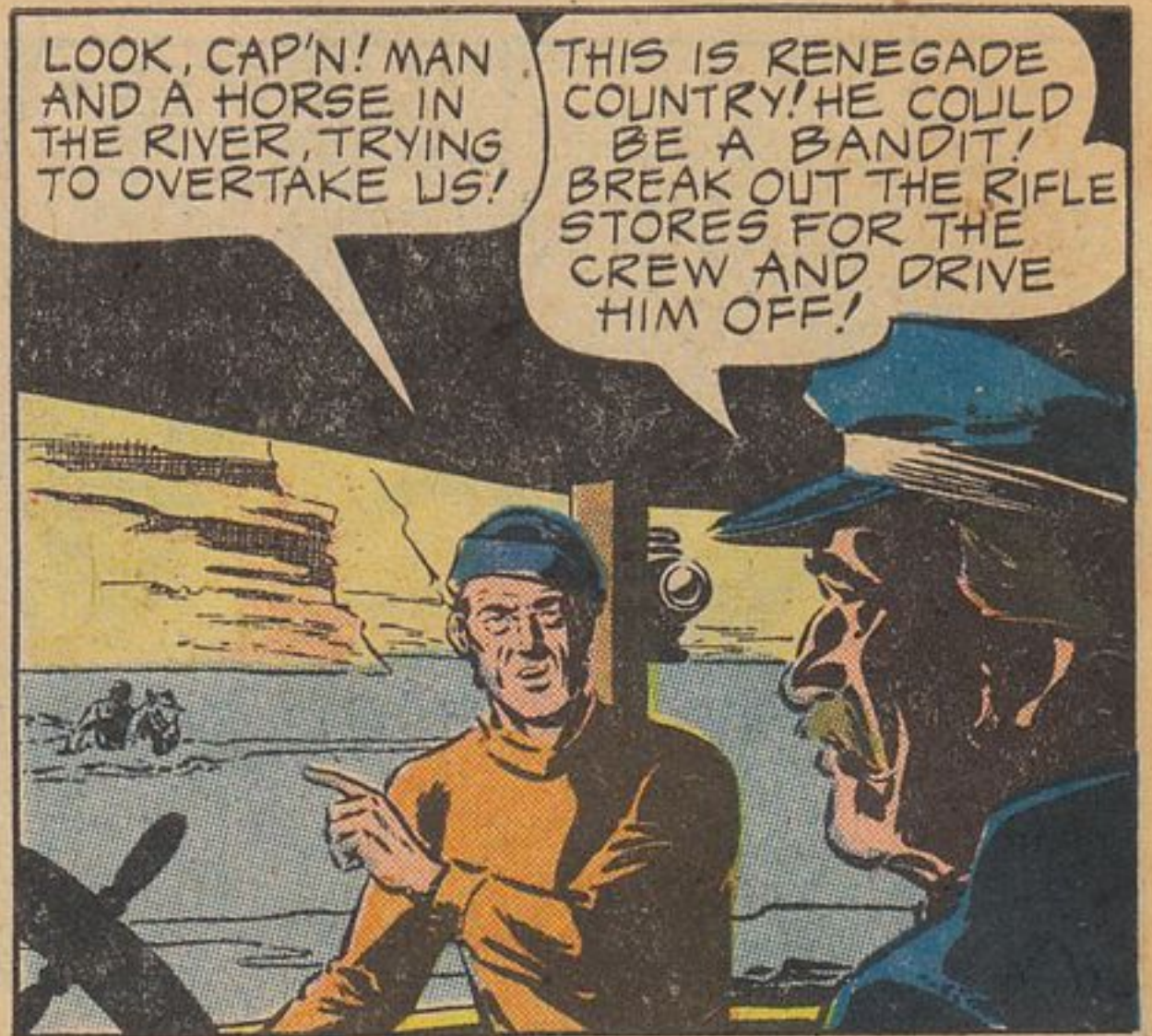
WE BROKE OUT
AND FOLLOWED
THOSE WAGON
TRACKS, HOPING
TO OVERTAKE
THE THIEVES
BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!



TOO LATE
FOR WHAT?

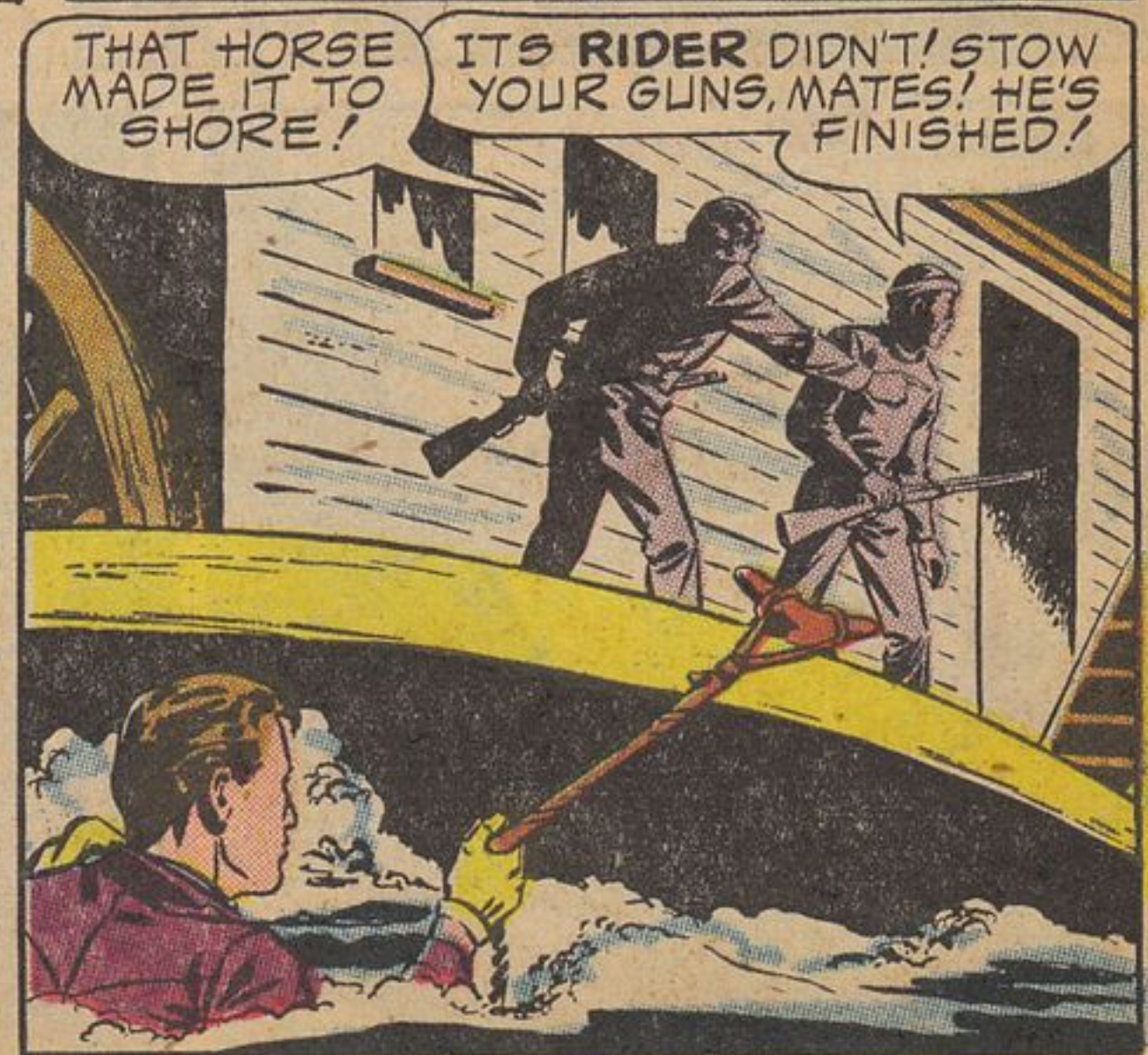
DISCLOSING A
SECRET MISSION
IS AGAINST ARMY
RULES, BUT WITH
THOSE RENEGADES
ON THE LOOSE, WE'LL
HAVE TO TRUST YOU!





LOOK, CAP'N! MAN AND A HORSE IN THE RIVER, TRYING TO OVERTAKE US!

THIS IS RENEGADE COUNTRY! HE COULD BE A BANDIT! BREAK OUT THE RIFLE STORES FOR THE CREW AND DRIVE HIM OFF!



THEY'RE PEPPERING US, TRIGGER! MAKE FOR SHORE! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF RANGE!

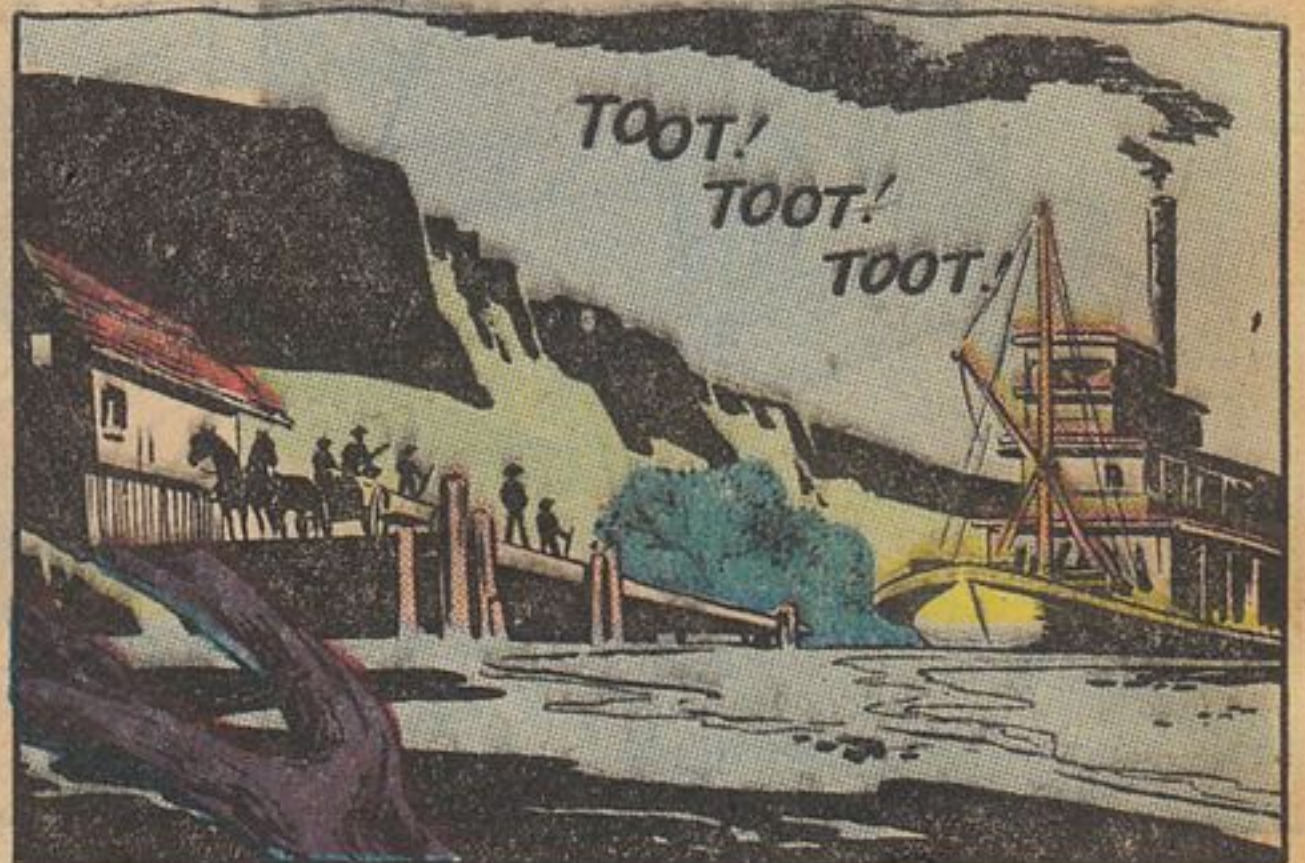
THAT HORSE MADE IT TO SHORE!

ITS RIDER DIDN'T! STOW YOUR GUNS, MATES! HE'S FINISHED!

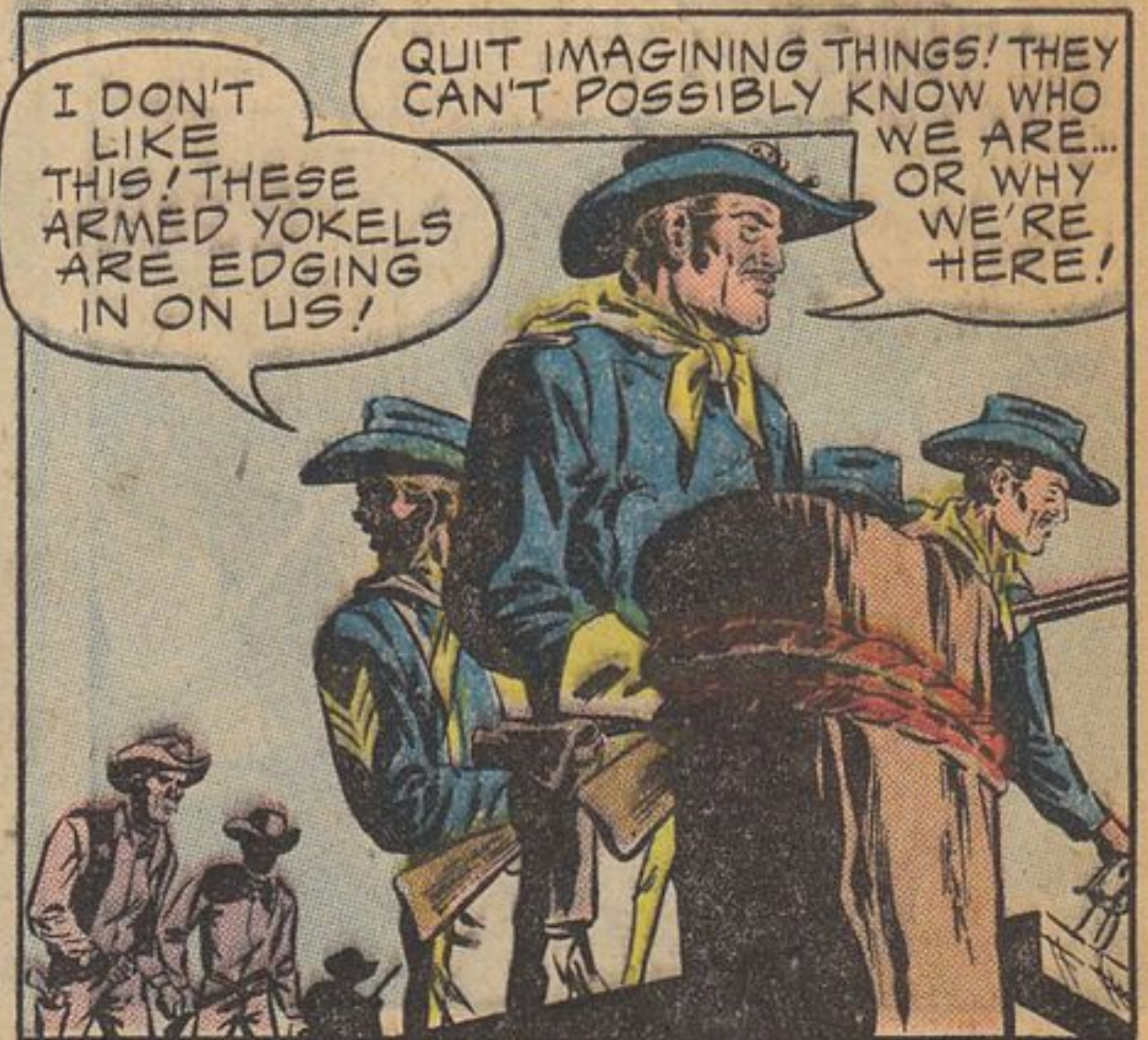


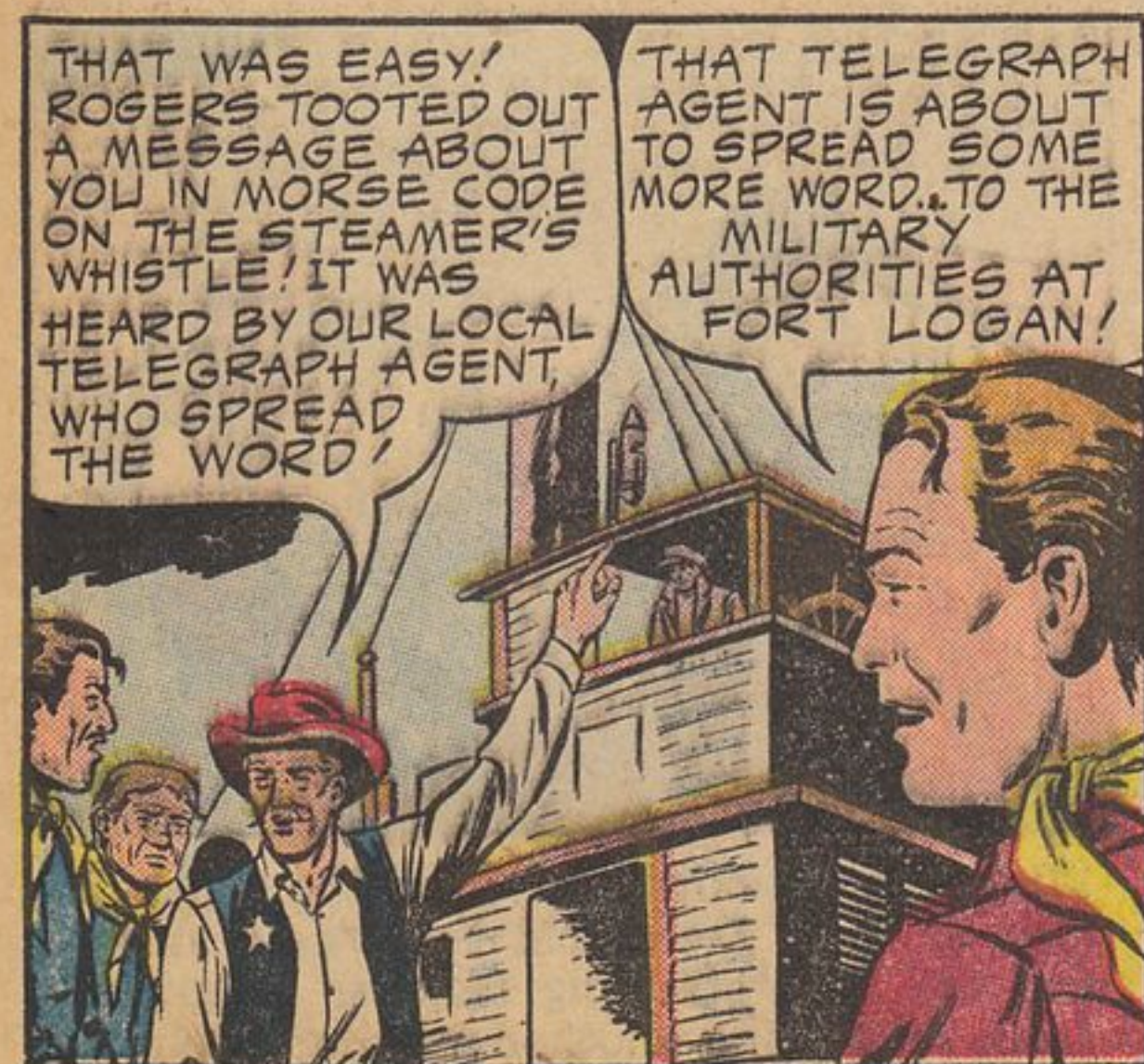
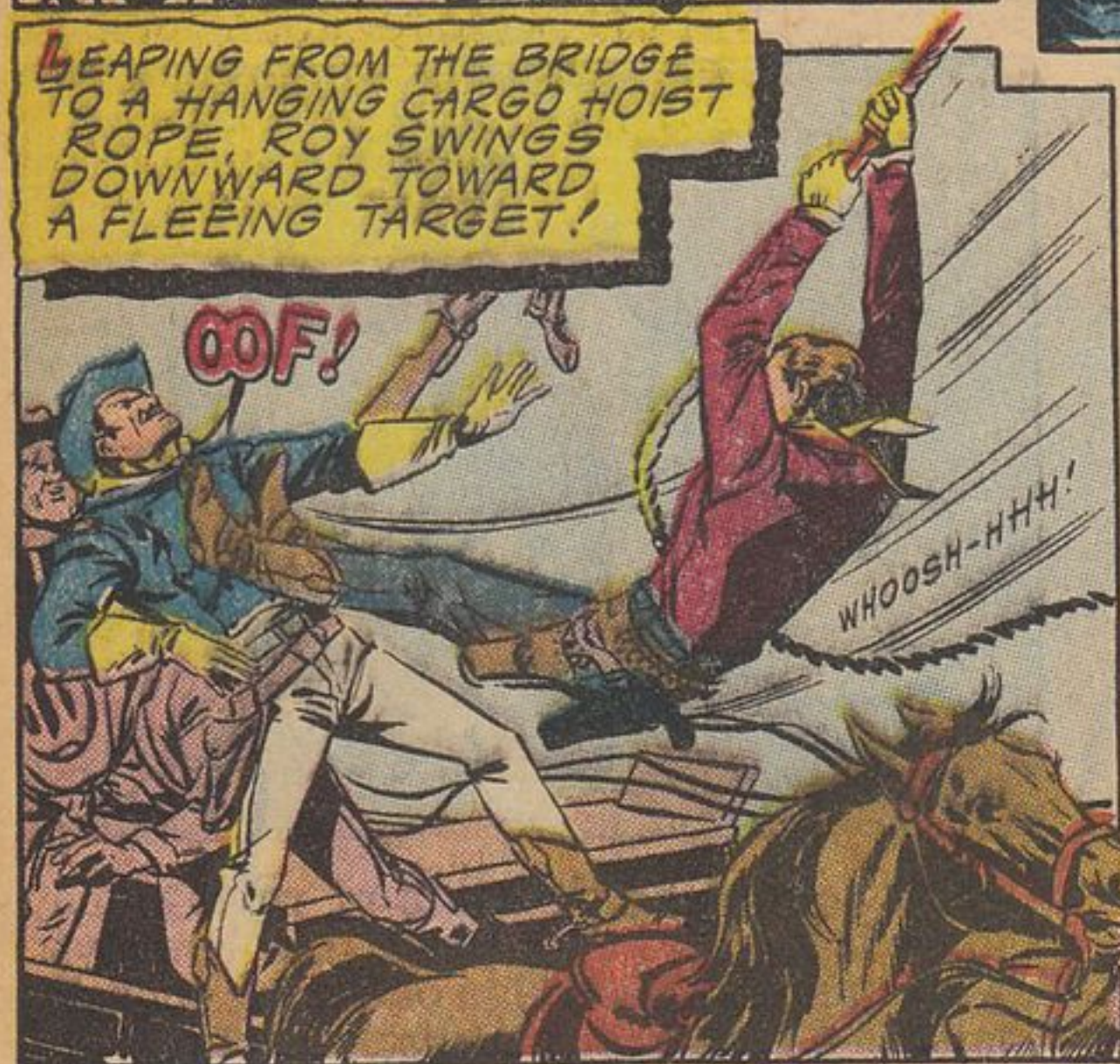
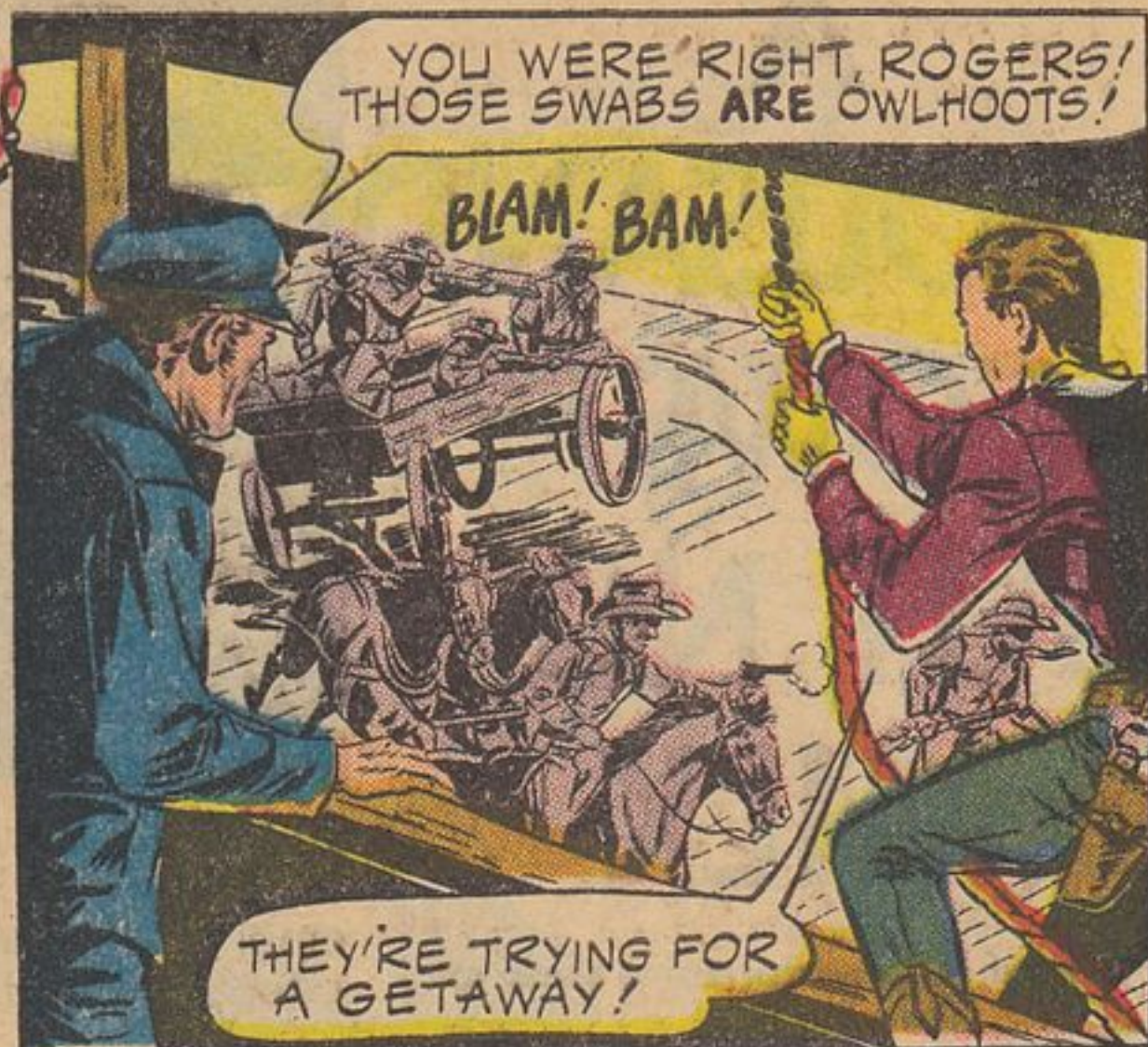


A LITTLE LATER... AN ARMY WAGON AND FIVE CAVALRYMEN ARE WAITING ON THE DOCK AT PIONEER LANDING AS THE PRAIRIE QUEEN STEAMS INTO VIEW, HER TOOTING WHISTLE ANNOUNCING HER ARRIVAL...



BUT, FROM EVERY QUARTER, ARMED RESIDENTS SOON APPEAR, CONVERGING ON THE DOCK...



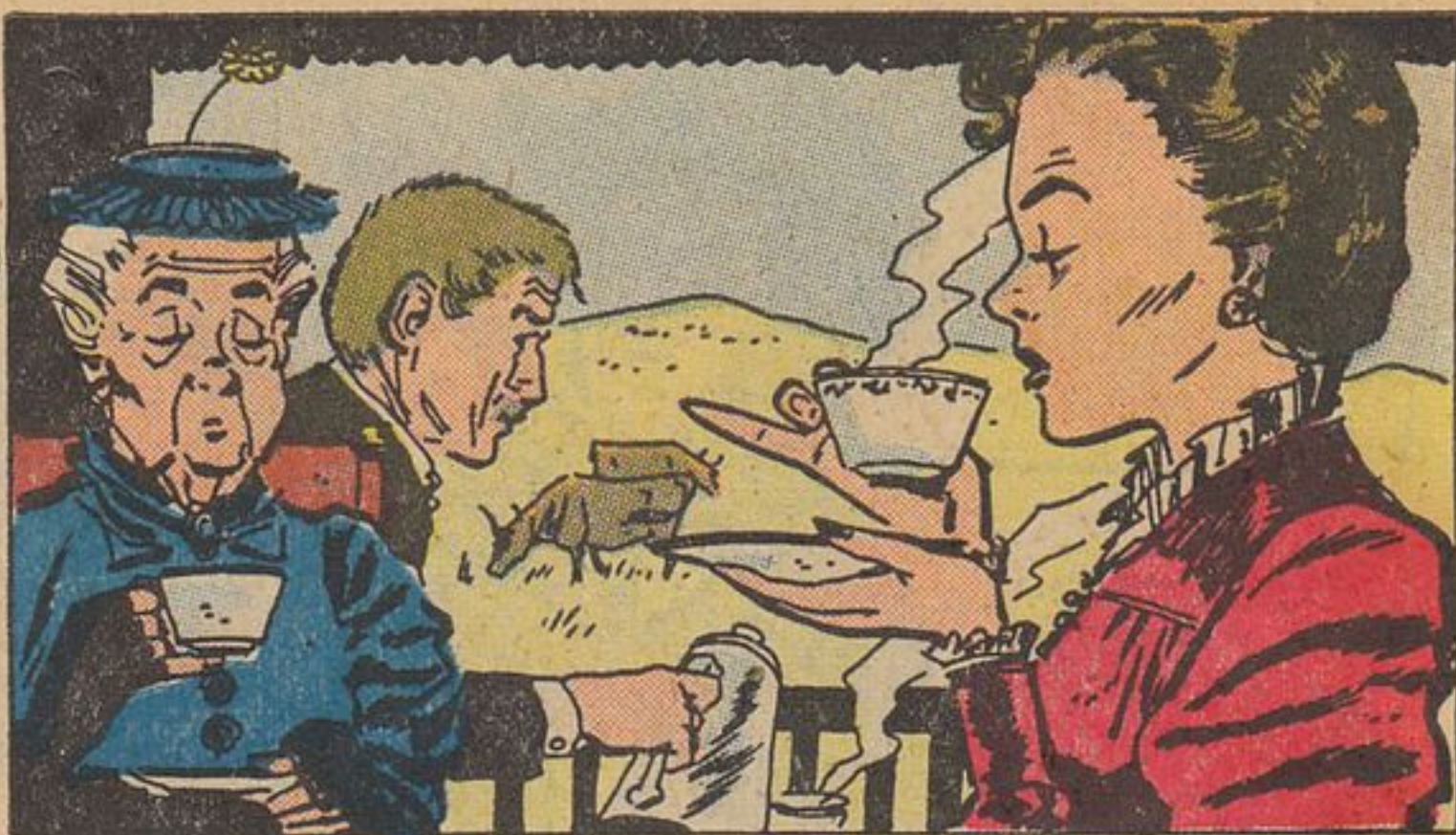


A PLEDGE **DELL** COMIC TO PARENTS

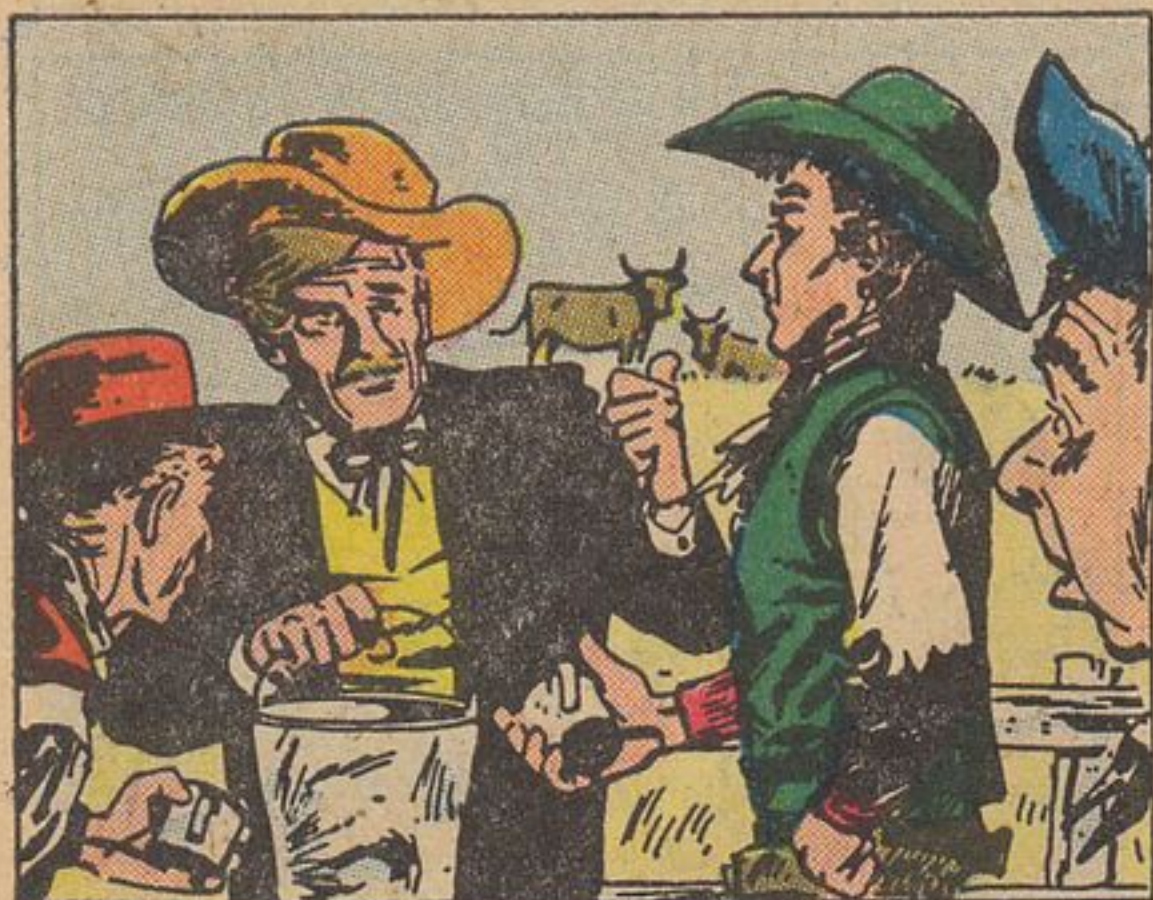
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A THOUSAND COWS -- BUT NO MILK

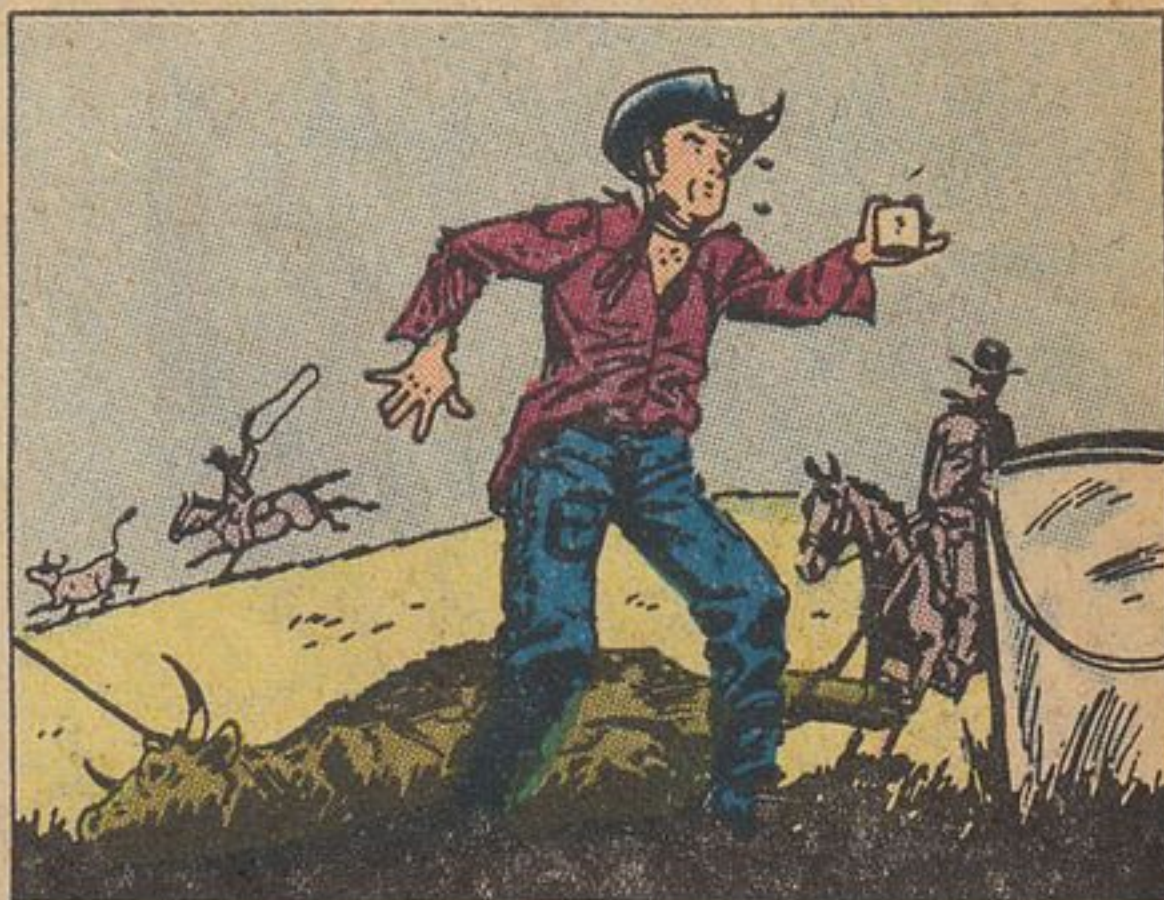
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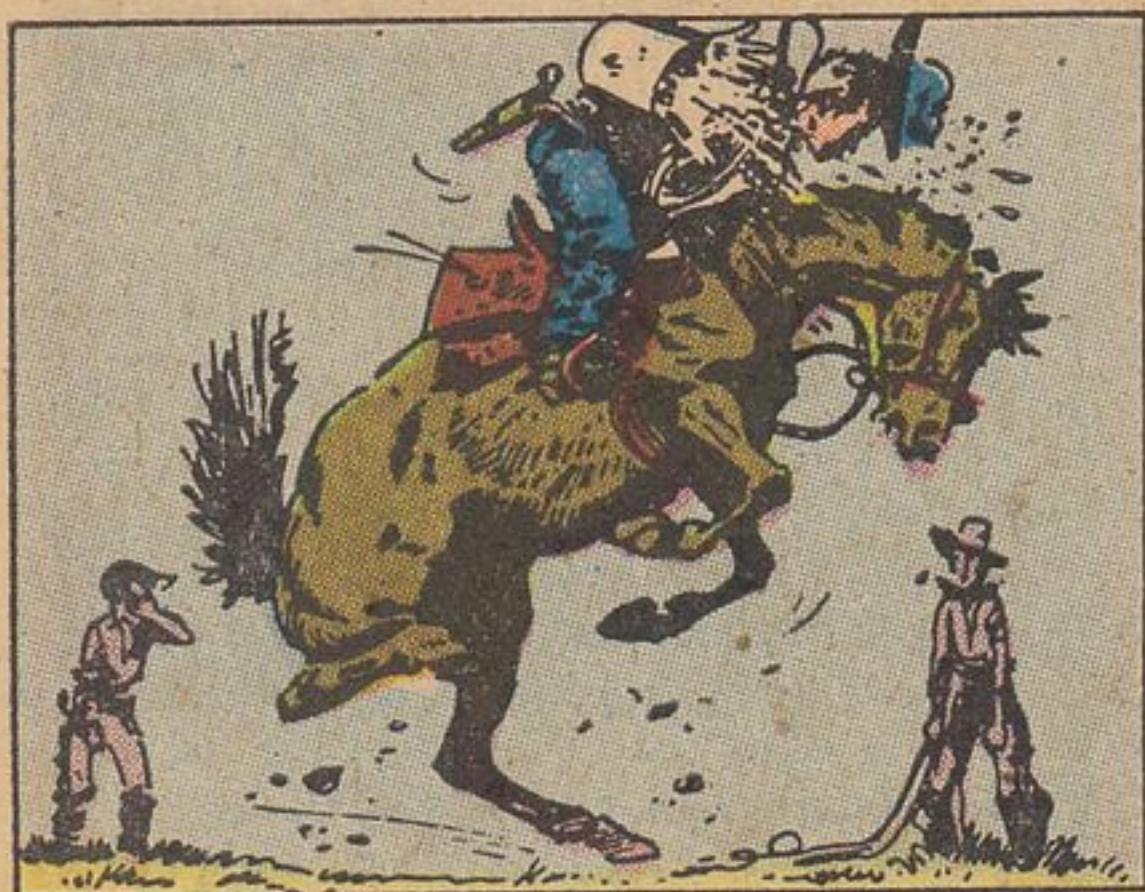
In the old days it was almost impossible to get a cowboy to milk a cow! One rancher, with thousands of cows, was embarrassed as he did not have cream to offer his eastern guests for their coffee. Nervously, he approached his crew.



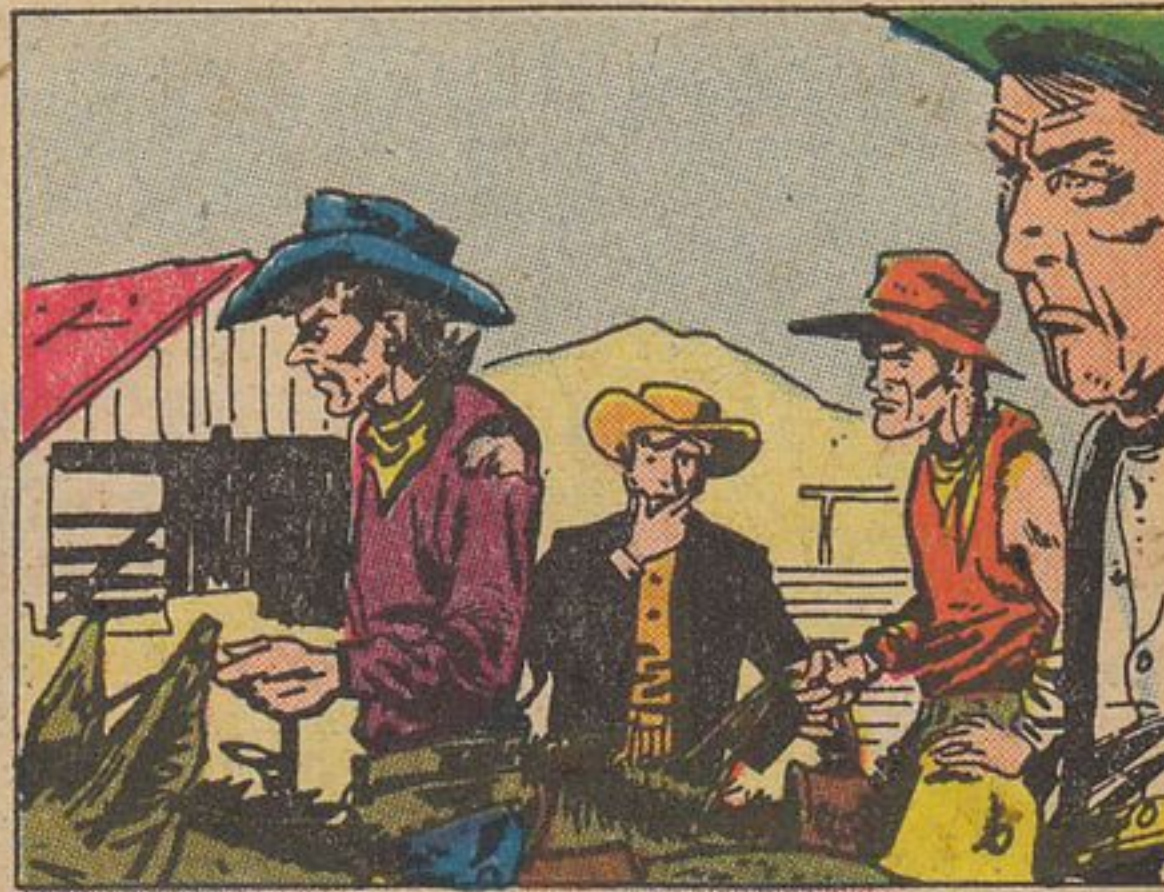
After convincing his men that this was a real emergency, the rancher gave each man a cup and handed the foreman a bucket, instructing them to get a gallon of milk.



After several hectic hours of roping and throwing wild range cows, the cowboys were finally successful in obtaining enough milk to fill the gallon bucket.



The men, tired and bruised, headed for the ranch... but misfortune rode with them! The man who carried the milk bucket lost every drop when his horse began to buck!



When the cowboys arrived at the ranch, a look at their faces told the tragic story, and the understanding rancher refrained from suggesting another milking attempt.

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